THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D: D. S. P. D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

AND OTHERS.

In EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, J. and R. TONSON,
E. DILLY, J. HINTON, J. HODGES,
J. WREN, R. CADELL, and
P. DODSLEY.

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LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

Publiſhed from a manuſcript found in the cabinet of the famous Sir H. Poleſworth, in the year 1712.

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was firſt called to the office of hiſtoriographer to John Bull, he expreſſed himſelf to this purpoſe: Sir Humphry Poleſworth *, *I know you are a plain-dealer; it is for that reaſon I have choſen you for this important truſt: Speak the truth, and ſpare not.* That I might fulfil thoſe his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his moſt ſecret retirements; and I put the journals of all tranſactions into a ſtrong box, to be opened at a fitting occaſion, after the manner of the hiſtoriographers of ſome *eaſtern* monarchs: This I thought was the ſafeſt way; though I declare I was never afraid to be *choped* † by my maſter for telling of truth. It is from thoſe journals that my memoirs are compiled: Therefore let not poſterity, a thouſand years hence, look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the ſecret ſprings of great

 actions;

* A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his converſation; of which there is a good deal in this book.

† A cant word of Sir Humphry's.

actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be *nebuſed* *.

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the ſeveral beauties of the † ancient and modern hiſtorians; the impartial temper of Herodotus; the gravity, auſterity, and ſtrict morals of Thucydides; the extenſive knowledge of Xenophon; the ſublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius; and, to avoid the careleſs ſtyle of Polybius, I have borrowed conſiderable ornaments from Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus and Diodorus Siculus. The *ſpecious gilding* of Tacitus I have endeavoured to ſhun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paolo, and thoſe amongſt the moderns whom I thought moſt worthy of imitation; but I cannot be ſo diſingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progreſs of John Bunyan, and the Tenter Belly of the Reverend Joſeph Hall.

From ſuch encouragement and helps, it is eaſy to gueſs to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipt in the bud by ſome illiterate people in both *houſes of parliament*, who, envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under pretence of raiſing money for the war, have padlocked ‡ all thoſe very pens that were to celebrate the actions of

* Another cant word, ſignifying *deceived*.

† Parody on Boyer's preface of his *hiſtory* of Queen Anne.

‡ Act reſtraining the liberty of the preſs, *&c.* which was paſſed in 1712; and the peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713.

of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole university of Grub-street. I am persuaded, that nothing but the prospect of an approaching *peace*, could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the matriculates of that famous university, to ask them some plain questions: Do they think that peace will bring along with it the golden age? Will there be never a dying speech of a traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turned so tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets, *a dangerous plot?* Will peace bring such plenty, that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway, or break into a house? I am sorry, that the world should be so much imposed upon by the dreams of a *false prophet*, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grubstreet! thou fruitful nursery of towering genius's! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English *liberty*: No modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory: Whether in soft pastorals thou didst sing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids, or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to Maeonian strains thou raisedst thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the secret caverns and grotto's of Vulcan sweating at his forge, and stamping

the Queen's image on viler metals, which he retails for beef, and pots of ale: Or if thou wert content, in ſimple narrative, to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of raviſhed virgins bluſhing to tell their adventures before the liſtening croud of city damſels; whilſt, in thy faithful hiſtory, thou intermingleſt the graveſt counſels, and the pureſt morals. Nor leſs acute and piercing wert thou in thy ſearch and pompous deſcription of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didſt paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the ſtupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian ſagacity, thou unravelledſt intrigues of ſtate, and the traiterous conſpiracies of rebels, giving wiſe counſel to monarchs. How didſt thou move our terror and our pity with thy paſſionate ſcenes between Jack-Catch and the heroes of the Old Bailey! How didſt thou deſcribe their intrepid march up Holborn-hill! Nor didſt thou ſhine leſs in thy theological capacity, when thou gaveſt ghoſtly counſel to dying felons, and didſt record the guilty pangs of Sabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts of John Overton's * painting and ſculpture now languiſh! where rich invention, proper expreſſion, correct deſign, divine attitudes, and artful contraſt, heightened with the beauties of *Clar. Obſcur.* embelliſhed thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and aſtoniſh-

ment

* The engraver of the cuts before the Grub-ſtreet papers.

ment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, perſuaſive eloquence! The quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively ſimile, are fled for ever! Inſtead of theſe, we ſhall have, *I know not what!—The illiterate will tell the reſt with pleaſure**!

I hope the reader will excuſe this digreſſion, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub-ſtreet, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overſpread all its regions, by this oppreſſive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and ſo long as I preſerved ſome figure and rank amongſt the learned of that ſociety, I ſcorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it *gratis* by the profeſſors in thoſe univerſities.

And now, that poſterity may not be ignorant in what age ſo excellent a hiſtory was written, (which would otherwiſe, no doubt, be the ſubject

* Vid. the preface of four ſermons by William Fleetwood biſhop of St Aſaph, printed in 1712; where having diſplayed the *beautiful and pleaſing proſpect* which was opened by the war, he complains that the ſpirit of diſcord had given us in its ſtead——*I know not what*———*Our enemies will tell the reſt with pleaſure.* This preface was, by order of the Houſe of Commons, burnt by the hangman in Palace-yard, Weſtminſter. *Hawkeſ.*

Many at that time did imagine the hiſtory of John Bull, and the perſonages mentioned in it, to be *allegorical*, which the author would never own. Notwithſtanding, to indulge the reader's fancy and curioſity, I have printed at the bottom of the page, the *ſuppoſed* alluſions of the moſt obſcure parts of the ſtory.

ject of its enquiries) I think it proper to inform the learned of future times, that it was compiled when Lewis XIVth was king of France, and Philip his grandson of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the *emperor* and the *allies*, entered into a war against these two princes, which lasted ten years under the management of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a conclusion by the treaty of Utrecht, under the ministry of the Earl of Oxford, in the year 1713.

THE

THE

HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

The occaſion of the law-ſuit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels that have happened in our neighbourhood, ſince the death of the late lord Strutt *; how the parſon †, and a ‡ cunning attorney, got him to ſettle his eſtate upon his couſin || Philip Baboon, to the great diſappointment of his couſin § Eſquire South. Some ſtick not to ſay, that the parſon and the attorney forged a will, for which they were

* Charles II. of Spain died without iſſue; and

† Card. Portocarero, and the

‡ Marſhal of Harcourt, employed, as is ſuppoſed, by the *Houſe of* Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he ſettled the ſucceſſion of the Spaniſh monarchy upon

|| Philip of Bourbon, Duke of Anjou, though his right had, by the moſt ſolemn renunciations, been barred in favour of

§ the Archduke Charles of Auſtria.

were well paid by the family of the Baboons: Let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know, that the lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living, has forced them to mortgage their best manors: It is credibly reported, that the butchers and bakers bill of a lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him, to wish him joy, and bespeak his custom: The two chief were * John Bull the clothier, and † Nic Frog the linen-draper. They told him Bulls and Frogs had served the lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend

* The English and

† the Dutch congratulate Philip upon a succession, which they were not able to prevent; But, to disappoint the ambition of

pend upon their honesty; that they would use him as kindly, as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

CHAP. II.

How Bull *and* Frog *grew jealous, that the lord* Strutt *intended to give all his custom to his grand-father* Lewis Baboon *.

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) *a false loon*, of a grand-father, that one might justly call a Jack *of all trades* †. Sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day, he would be dealing in mercery ware: High heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe-buckles: When

* Lewis the XIV. and hinder the French nation, whose

† *trade and character* are thus described, and whose king had

When ſhop was ſhut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By theſe methods he had acquired immenſe riches, which he uſed to ſquander * away at back ſword, quarter-ſtaff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleaſure, and challenged all the country. You will ſay, it is no wonder if Bull and Frog ſhould be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impoſſible '(ſays Frog to Bull) but this old rogue will 'take the management of the young lord's buſi-'neſs into his hands; beſides, the raſcal has good 'ware, and will ſerve him as cheap as any body. 'In that caſe, I leave you to judge what muſt 'become of us and our families; we muſt ſtarve, 'or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon; 'therefore, neighbour, I hold it adviſable, that 'we write to young lord Strutt, to know the 'bottom of this matter."

CHAP. I

* a *ſtrong diſpoſition to war*, from becoming too potent, an alliance was formed to "procure a reaſonable ſatisfaction to the "Houſe of Auſtria, for its pretenſions to the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, and ſufficient

CHAP. III.

A copy of Bull *and* Frog's *letter to Lord* Strutt.

MY LORD,

I Suppoſe your lordſhip knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have ſerved the lord Strutts, with all ſorts of drapery-ware, time out of mind: And whereas we are jealous, not without reaſon, that your lordſhip intends henceforth to buy of your grandſire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your lordſhip, that this proceeding does not ſuit with the circumſtances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generoſity of the lord Strutts: Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordſhip, that you muſt find ſufficient *ſecurity* * to us, our heirs and aſſigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or elſe we will take our remedy at *law*, clap an action upon you of 20,000*l.* for old debts, ſeize and diſtrain your goods and chattles, which, conſidering your lordſhip's circumſtances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be eaſy to extricate yourſelf; therefore

* *ſecurity* to England and Holland, for their dominions, navigation, "and commerce, and to prevent the union of the two "monarchies France and Spain." To effect theſe purpoſes, Queen Anne was, by

we hope, when your lordſhip has better conſidered on it, you will comply with the deſire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends adviſed him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impoſſible to expreſs the ſurpriſe of the lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in *ready*, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: He offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promiſed, upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpoſe, for Bull and Frog ſaw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

CHAP. IV.

How Bull *and* Frog *went to law with lord* Strutt *about the premiſes, and were joined by the reſt of the tradeſmen.*

ALL endeavours of accommodation between lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealouſies increaſed; and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that lord Strutt had beſpoke his

his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs Bull's † ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot, says she, you loiter 'about ale-houses and taverns, spend your time at 'billiards, nine-pins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt 'about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never 'minding me nor your numerous family. Don't 'you hear how lord Strutt has bespoke his 'liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you 'see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every 'day, and you sit, like an idle drone, with your 'hands in your pockets? Fie upon't! up man, 'rouze thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be 'so used by that knave." You must think Mrs Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their law-suit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack *of all trades*, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog. They, hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear

† *the parliament*, precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her Allies, were

the charges of the ſuit; even lying Ned *, the chimney-ſweeper of Savoy, and Tom † the Portugal duſtman, put in their claims; and the cauſe was put into the hands of Humphrey Hocus the attorney ‡.

A declaration was drawn up, to ſhew "that 'Bull and Frog had undoubted right, by pre-'ſcription, to be drapers to the lord Strutts; 'that there were ſeveral old contracts to that 'purpoſe; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the 'trade of clothier and draper, without ſerving 'his time, or purchaſing his freedom; that he 'ſold goods, that were not marketable, without 'the ſtamp; that he himſelf was more fit for 'a bully than a tradeſman, and went about 'through all the country-fairs, challenging peo-'ple to fight prizes, wreſtling and cudgel-play;" and abundance more to this purpoſe.

CHAP.

* the Duke of Savoy, and

† the King of Portugal; and

‡ John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was appointed general in chief of the confederate army.

CHAP. V.

The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

FOR the better underſtanding the following hiſtory, the reader ought to know, that Bull, in the main, was an honeſt plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconſtant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at back-ſword, ſingle faulchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his beſt friends, eſpecially if they pretended to govern him: If you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his ſpirits roſe and fell with the weather-glaſs. John was quick, and underſtood his buſineſs very well; but no man alive was more careleſs in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and ſervants. This was occaſioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and diverſion; for, to ſay truth, no man kept a better houſe than John, nor ſpent his money more generouſly. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired ſome plumbs, and might have kept them had it not been for his unhappy law-ſuit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning ſly whoreſon, quite the reverſe of John in many particulars; covet-

ous, frugal; minded domeſtic affairs; would pinch his belly to ſave his pocket; never loſt a farthing by careleſs ſervants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any ſort of diverſions, except tricks of *High German* artiſts, and *legerdemain:* No man exceeded Nic. in theſe; yet it muſt be owned, that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immenſe riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the firſt conſiderable ſuit that ever he was engaged in, he ſhewed himſelf ſuperior in addreſs to moſt of his profeſſion: He kept always good clerks, he loved money, was ſmooth-tongued, gave good words, and ſeldom loſt his temper: He was not worſe than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himſelf better than them all: The neighbours reported, that he was hen-pecked; which was impoſſible by ſuch a mild-ſpirited woman, as his wife was.

CHAP. VI.

Of the various ſucceſs of the law-ſuit.

LAW *is a bottomleſs pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours every thing.* John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his ſuit would not

not laſt above a year or two at moſt; that before that time, he would be in quiet poſſeſſion of his buſineſs: Yet ten long years did Hocus ſteer his cauſe through all the *meanders* of the law, and all the courts. No ſkill, no addreſs was wanting; and, to ſay truth, John did not ſtarve his cauſe: There wanted not *yellow-boys* to fee counſel, hire witneſſes, and bribe juries. Lord Strutt was generally caſt, never had one verdict in his favour *; and John was promiſed that the next, and the next, would be the final determination: But alas! that final determination and happy concluſion was like an inchanted iſland; the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: New trials upon new points ſtill aroſe; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in ſhort, lawyers ſeldom part with ſo good a cauſe, till they have got the oyſter, and their clients the ſhell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: Then John began to borrow money upon Bank-ſtock and Eaſt-India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot: At laſt it was thought a good expedient to ſet up Eſquire South's title †, to prove the *will forged*, and diſpoſſeſs

* The war was carried on againſt France and Spain with great ſucceſs, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the Spaniſh dominions in favour of the Houſe of Auſtria, and an engagement that the ſame perſon ſhould never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought ſufficient.

† It was inſiſted, that the will in favour of Philip was contrary

diſpoſſeſs Philip lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cauſe grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; where-ever he met any of lord Strutt's ſervants, he tore off their cloaths: Now and then you would ſee them come home naked, without ſhoes, ſtockings, or linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his laſt ſhift, though he had as many as any other: His children were reduced from rich ſilks to Doily ſtuffs; his ſervants in rags, and bare-footed; inſtead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: In ſhort, no-body got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAP. VII.

How John Bull *was ſo mightily pleaſed with his ſucceſs, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.*

IT is wiſely obſerved by a great philoſopher, that habit is a ſecond nature: This was verified in the caſe of John Bull, who, from an honeſt and plain tradeſman, had got ſuch a haunt about the courts of juſtice, and ſuch a jargon of law-

trary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he ſhould be dethroned.

law-words, that he concluded himſelf as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or ſat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himſelf after this manner: 'How capriciouſly † 'does fate or chance diſpoſe of mankind? How 'ſeldom is that buſineſs allotted to a man, for 'which he is fitted by nature? It is plain, I was 'intended for a man of law: How did my guar-'dians miſtake my genius, in placing me, like a 'mean ſlave, behind a counter? Bleſs me! 'what immenſe eſtates theſe fellows raiſe by the 'law? Beſides, it is the profeſſion of a gentle-'man. What a pleaſure is it to be victorious in 'a cauſe? to ſwagger at the bar? What a fool 'am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade? 'for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will 'be; one is never too old to learn.' All this while John had conned over ſuch a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil: Theſe he uſed to babble indifferently in all companies, eſpecially at coffee-houſes; ſo that his neighbour tradeſmen began to ſhun his company, as a man that was cracked. Inſtead of the affairs of Blackwell-hall, and price of broad-cloth, wool and bayſes, he talks of nothing but *actions upon the caſe*, *returns*, *capias*, *alias capias*, *demurrers*, *venire facias*, *replevins*, *ſupercedeas's*, *certiorari's*, *writs of error*, *actions of trover and converſion*, *treſpaſſes*, *precipe's and dedimus*. This was matter

† The manners and ſentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

matter of jeſt to the learned in law. However, Hocus, and the reſt of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, aſſuring him, that he had a great genius for law; that they queſtioned not, but in time he might raiſe money enough by it to reimburſe him all his charges; that if he ſtudied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord Chief Juſtice *: As for the advice of honeſt friends and neighbours, John deſpiſed it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have ſold a bale of broad-cloth. As for Nic. Frog, to ſay the truth, he was more prudent; for though he followed his law-ſuit cloſely, he neglected not his ordinary buſineſs, but was both in court and in his ſhop at the proper hours.

CHAP. VIII.

How John *diſcovered that* Hocus *had an intrigue with his wife; and what followed thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a madding ſo long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus, perceiving John to be fond of, was reſolved to win over to his ſide. It is a true ſaying, *that the laſt man of the pariſh, that knows of his*

* Hold the balance of power.

his cuckoldom, is himself. It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that Hocus had dealings with John's wife *, that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late: She was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats, and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Every body said, that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his law-suit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's *country-house* †. This affair between Hocus and Mrs Bull was now so open, that all the world were scandalized at it; John was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint. The parson ‡ of

* And it was believed, that the General tampered with the parliament,

† who settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterwards entailed that, with 5000 l. per annum, payable out of the post-office, to descend with his honours; over and above this, an immense sum was expended in building Blenheim-house. About this time, (Nov. 6. 1709),

‡ Dr Henry Sacheverel preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

of the parish preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery *, Mrs Bull told her husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow, to use such coarse language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the same mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living, for using personal reflections. How do you mean, says John, by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you? 'No, thank 'God, my reputation is too well established in 'the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-'mouth'd scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends 'only to make husbands tyrants, and wives 'slaves; must we be shut up, and husbands left 'to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! a wife 'must never go abroad with a Platonic, to see a 'play or a ball; she must never stir without her 'husband; nor walk in Spring-garden with a 'cousin. I do say, husband, and I will stand by 'it, that without the innocent freedoms of life, 'matrimony would be a most intolerable state; 'and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result 'of her own reason, and not of her husband's 'government; for my part, I would scorn a 'husband that would be jealous, if he saw a fel-

* The House of Commons voted this sermon a libel on her Majesty and her government, the revolution, the protestant succession, and the parliament; they impeached him of high crimes and misdemeanors; he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman.

'low a-bed with me *." All this while, John's blood boiled in his veins: He was now confirmed in all his ſuſpicions; jade, bitch, and whore, were the beſt words John gave her †. Things went from better to worſe, till Mrs Bull aimed a knife at John ‡, though John threw a bottle § at her head, very brutally indeed: And after this, there was nothing but confuſion ‖: Bottles, glaſſes, ſpoons, plates, knives, forks, and diſhes, flew about like duſt; the reſult of which was, that Mrs Bull ¶ received a bruiſe in her right ſide, of which ſhe died half a year after. The bruiſe impoſthumated, and afterwards turned to a ſtinking ulcer, which made every body ſhy to come near her; yet ſhe wanted not the help of many able phyſicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of ſkill could do: But all to no purpoſe, for her condition was now quite deſperate; all regular phyſicians, and her neareſt relations, having given her over.

* Theſe proceedings cauſed a great ferment in the nation.

† The Houſe complained of being *aſperſed* and *vilified*; opprobrious terms were uſed by both parties, and one had recourſe to

‡ *military power*, becauſe it was aſſaulted by the other with

§ *tumult* and *riot*.

‖ The confuſion every day encreaſed: The whig or low-church party in the Houſe of Commons began to decline; after much contention and debate,

¶ the parliament was prorogued;

CHAP. IX.

*How ſome quacks undertook to cure Mrs Bull of her ulcer *.*

THERE is nothing ſo impoſſible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing ſo incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs Bull's condition was looked upon as deſperate by all the men of art; but there were thoſe that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaiſter, which being applied to the ſore, would cure it in a few days; at the ſame time they would give her a pill, that would purge off all her bad humours, ſweeten her blood, and rectify her diſturbed imagination. In ſpite of all applications, the patient grew worſe every day: She ſtunk ſo, no body durſt come within a ſtone's throw of her, except thoſe quacks, who attended her cloſe, and apprehended no danger. If one aſked them, how Mrs Bull did? Better and better, ſaid they; the parts heal, and her conſtitution mends; if ſhe ſubmits to our government, ſhe will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that ſhe ſhould dance a jigg next October in Weſtminſter-Hall, and that

* and notwithſtanding many attempts to prolong it, particularly ſome difficulties ſtarted by the Lord

that her illneſs had been chiefly owing to bad phyſicians. At laſt *, one of them was ſent for in great haſte; his patient grew worſe and worſe. When he came, he affirmed that it was a groſs miſtake, and that ſhe was never in a fairer way: Bring hither the ſalve, ſays he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and adminiſtering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghoſt, to the great confuſion of the quack, and to the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the houſe in great diſorder, and ſwore there was foul play, for he was ſure his medicines were infallible. Mrs Bull having died without any ſigns of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Chriſtian burial. The relations had once reſolved to ſue John for the murder; but conſidering better of it, and that ſuch a trial would rip up old ſores, and diſcover things not ſo much to the reputation of the deceaſed, they dropt their deſign. She left no will, only there was found, in her ſtrong box, the following words wrote on a *ſcrip* of paper, *My curſe on John Bull, and all my poſterity, if ever they come to any compoſition with the Lord Strutt.*

She left him three daughters, whoſe names were Polemia, Diſcordia, and Uſuria †.

* Chancellor, it was diſſolved on the 21ſt Sept. 1710.

† War, faction, and uſury.

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's second wife, and the good advice that she gave him *.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief; and seeing that neither his constitution, or the affairs of his family, could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed: In short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous law-suit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in good humour, she talked to him after the following manner: 'My dear †, since I have been your wife, 'I have observed great abuses and disorders in 'your family; your servants are mutinous and 'quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; 'your

* The new parliament, which was averse to the war, made

† a representation of the management in the several offices, particularly these for victualling and cloathing the navy and army;

'your cookmaid is in a combination with your 'butcher, poulterer, and fiſhmonger: Your 'butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer 'ſells you hogwaſh; your baker cheats both in 'weight and in tale; even your milk-woman and 'your nurſery-maid have a fellow-feeling; your 'tailor, inſtead of ſhreads, cabbages whole yards 'of cloth; beſides, leaving ſuch long ſcores, 'and not going to market with ready money, 'forces us to take bad ware of the tradeſmen at 'their own price. You have not poſted your 'books theſe ten years; how is it poſſible for a 'man of buſineſs to keep his affairs even in the 'world at this rate? Pray God this Hocus be 'honeſt: Would to God you would look over 'his bills, and ſee how matters ſtand between 'Frog and you: Prodigious ſums * are ſpent in 'this law-ſuit, and more muſt be borrowed of 'ſcriveners and uſurers at heavy intereſt. Be-'ſides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aſide 'that wild project of leaving your buſineſs to 'turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, nature 'never deſigned you. Believe me, theſe rogues 'do but flatter, that they may pick your pocket; 'obſerve what a parcel of hungry ragged fellows 'live by your cauſe; to be ſure they will never 'make an end of it; I foreſee this haunt you 'have got about the courts, will one day or ano-'ther bring your family to beggary. Conſider, 'my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your-

* and of the ſums that had been expended on the war,

'ſhop, and follow pettifoggers; the habit is ſo 'ſtrong upon you, that there is hardly a plea 'between two country eſquires about a barren 'acre upon a common, but you draw yourſelf 'in as bail, ſurety or ſolicitor †.' John heard her all this while with patience, till ſhe pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point; then he broke out into a violent paſſion, 'What! 'I not fit for a lawyer! let me tell you, my 'clodpated relations ſpoiled the greateſt genius 'in the world, when they bred me a mechanic. 'Lord Strutt, and his old rogue of a grandſire, 'have found to their coſt, that I can manage a 'law-ſuit as well as another.' 'I do not deny 'what you ſay,' replied Mrs Bull, 'nor do I call 'in queſtion your parts; but I ſay, it does not 'ſuit with your circumſtances: You and your 'predeceſſors have lived in good reputation a-'mong your neighbours by this ſame cloathing 'trade, and it were madneſs to leave it off. Be-'ſides, there are few that know all the tricks 'and cheats of theſe lawyers; does not your own 'experience teach you, how they have drawn 'you on from one term to another, and how 'you have danced the round of all the courts, 'ſtill flattering you with a final iſſue, and, for 'aught I can ſee, your cauſe is not a bit clearer 'than it was ſeven years ago.' 'I will be damn-'ed, ſays John, if I accept of any compoſition 'from Strutt, or his grandfather; I will rather 'wheel

† which is however ſtill a favourite with the people.

'wheel about the ſtreets an engine to grind 'knives and ſciſſars; however, I will take your 'advice, and look over my accompts.'

CHAP. XI.

How John looked over his attorney's bill.

WHEN John firſt brought out the bills, the ſurprize of all the family was unexpreſſible at the prodigious dimenſions of them; they would have meaſured with the beſt bale of cloth in John's ſhop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries, philizers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, counſel, witneſſes, jury-men, marſhals, tipſtaffs, cryers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filings of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, *noli proſequi's*, *certiorari's*, *mittimus's*, demurrers, ſpecial verdics, informations, *ſcire facias*, *ſupercedeas*, *habeas-corpus*, coach-hire, treating of witneſſes, &c. 'Verily, ſays John, there are a prodigious num-'ber of learned words in this law; what a pretty 'ſcience it is.' 'Ay! but, huſband, you have 'paid for every ſyllable and letter of theſe fine 'words; bleſs me, what immenſe ſums are at 'the bottom of the accompt!' John ſpent ſeveral weeks

weeks in looking over his bills; and by comparing and ſtating his accompts, he diſcovered, that, beſides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiouſly cheated; that he had paid for counſel that were never fee'd, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dreſſed, and journeys that were never made: In ſhort, that the tradeſmen, lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the burden of the law-ſuit upon his ſhoulders.

CHAP. XII.

*How John grew angry, and reſolved to accept a compoſition *; and what methods were practiſed by the lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned Daniel Burgeſs ſay, *that a law-ſuit is a ſuit for life.* He that ſows his grain upon marble, will have many a hungry belly before harveſt. This John felt by woeful experience. John's cauſe was a good milk-cow, and many a man ſubſiſted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a couſin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold †, whoſe predeceſſors

* When at length peace was thought to be eligible upon more moderate terms, a treaty was entered into by

† Robert Harley, afterwards E. of Oxford, who was made treaſurer

deceſſors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as any body; but having left off the profeſſion for ſome time, they took great pleaſure in compounding law-ſuits among their neighbours, for which they were the averſion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cauſe into Sir Roger's hands, deſiring him to make the beſt of it: The news had no ſooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the reſt of the tradeſmen upon John: 'Squire South * ſwore he was betrayed, that he would ſtarve before he compounded: Frog ſaid he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-ſweeper, and Tom the duſtman, complained, that their intereſt was ſacrificed. The lawyers, ſolicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms, at the news of the compoſition; they abuſed him and his wife † moſt ſhamefully. 'You ſilly, aukward, ill-bred, 'country ſow, quoth one, have you no more 'manners than to rail at Hocus, that has ſaved 'that clodpated numſkulled ninny-hammer of 'your's from ruin, and all his family? It is well 'known, how he has roſe early, and ſat up late, 'to make him eaſy, when he was ſotting at eve-

ry

treaſurer inſtead of the Lord Godolphin; and there was now not only a new parliament, but a new miniſtry.

* The meaſure was oppoſed by the allies and the general:

† The Houſe of Commons was cenſured as totally ignorant of buſineſs:

'ry ale-houſe in town. I knew his laſt wife; 'ſhe was a woman of breeding, good humour, 'and complaiſance; knew how to live in the 'world: As for you, you look like a puppet 'moved by clock-work; your cloaths hang up-'on you, as they were upon tenter-hooks, and 'you come into the room as if you were going 'to ſteal away a piſs-pot: Get you gone into 'the country to look after your mother's poul-'try, to milk the cows, churn the butter, and 'dreſs up noſegays for a holyday, and not med-'dle with matters, which you know no more of, 'than the ſign-poſt before your door: It is well 'known, that Hocus had an eſtabliſhed reputa-'tion; he never ſwore an oath, nor told a lie 'in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, 'faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependents, 'and dutiful to his ſuperiors; he values not your 'money more than the duſt under his feet, but 'he hates to be abuſed. Once for all, Mrs 'Mynx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will put 'out thoſe ſaucer eyes of your's, and make that 'redſtreak country face look as raw as an ox-'cheek upon a butcher's ſtall: Remember, I 'ſay, that there are pillories and ducking ſtools.' With this away they flung, leaving Mrs Bull no time to reply. No ſtone was left unturned to fright John from his compoſition: Sometimes they ſpread reports at coffee-houſes *, that John and

* And it was ſaid, that the nation would at laſt be ſacrificed to the ambition of France.

and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up houſe, and make over all their eſtate to Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himſelf, and ſeen in the ſtreets without ſhoes or ſtockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his ſervants, after having been the beſt maſter alive: As for his wife, ſhe was a mere natural. Sometimes John's houſe was beſet with a whole regiment of attorneys clerks, bailiffs, and bailiffs-followers, and other ſmall retainers of the law, who threw ſtones at his windows, and dirt at himſelf as he went along the ſtreet. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his ſuit, they adviſed him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs Bull ſhould ſell her linen and wearing-cloaths.

CHAP. XIII.

Mrs Bull's vindication of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, *incumbent upon wives in caſe of the tyranny, infidelity, or inſufficiency of huſbands: Being a full anſwer to the* doctor's *ſermon againſt* adultery *.

JOHN found daily freſh proofs of the infidelity and bad deſigns of his deceaſed wife; amongſt other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper:

IT

* The Tories repreſentation of the ſpeeches at Sacheverel's trial.

IT is evident that matrimony is founded upon an *original contract*, whereby the wife makes over the right ſhe has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the huſband; by which he acquires the property of all her poſterity. But then the obligation is mutual: And where the contract is broken on one ſide, it ceaſes to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there muſt be a power to maintain it, and to puniſh the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the caſes above mentiooed. No wife is bound by any law, to which herſelf has not conſented: All œconomical government is lodged originally in the huſband and wife, the executive part being in the huſband; both have their privileges ſecured to them by law and reaſon: But will any man infer, from the huſband's being inveſted with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her ſhare, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? And that ſhe had no remedy left, but *preces et lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a ſupreme court of judicature? No leſs frivolous are the arguments that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of huſband and wife. A huſband denotes ſeveral different ſorts of magiſtracy, according to the uſages and cuſtoms of different climates and countries. In ſome eaſtern nations, it ſignifies a tyrant, with the abſolute

power of life and death: In Turkey, it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment: In Italy, it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks: In the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife, in certain cases, the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife, are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity, and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives, are meant only for rules in ordinary cases; but they naturally suppose three conditions, of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband: Such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife, could never be supposed by reasonable men; it seems a reflection upon the ch—ch, to charge her with the doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: It is much to the honour of our English wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental point;* and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families. Such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means; for, in many cases, what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for, if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too: But the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly queen *, in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided: These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, *That one must not do evil, that good may come of it.*

The asserters of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for, if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and, instead thereof, tyrannical

* The Queen of Charles II. of Spain, upon whose death, without issue, the war broke out.

tyrannical maxims introduced, what muſt follow, but elopements, inſtead of ſecret and peaceable cuckoldom?

From all that has been ſaid, one may clearly perceive the abſurdity of the doctrine of this ſeditious, diſcontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, aſſerting, *That the grand ſecurity of the matrimonial ſtate, and the pillar upon which it ſtands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an abſolute unconditional fidelity to the huſband's bed:* By which bold aſſertion, he ſtrikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the baſis, upon which the happineſs of a married ſtate is built. As for his perſonal reflections, I would gladly know who are thoſe *wanton wives* he ſpeaks of? Who are thoſe ladies of high ſtations, that he ſo boldly traduces in his ſermon? It is pretty plain, who theſe aſperſions are aimed at; for which he deſerves the pillory, or ſomething worſe.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wiſeſt wives in all ages, who by theſe means have preſerved their huſbands families from ruin and oblivion by want of poſterity: But what has been ſaid, is a ſufficient ground for puniſhing this pragmatical parſon.

CHAP. XIV.

The two great parties of wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts *.

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives, was universally espoused by all husbands; who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the Devoto's would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of Hitts, were often very honest. At the same time there came out an ingenious treatise, with the title of *Good advice to husbands;* in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimitted conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family-duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands, was a vigorous

* Those who were for and against the doctrine of *non-resistance.*

rous conſtitution, good uſage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many huſbands having been ſufferers by their truſting too much to general profeſſions, as was exemplified in the caſe of a fooliſh and negligent huſband, who, truſting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

CHAP. XV.

An account of the conference between Mrs Bull and Don Diego.

THE lawyers, as their laſt effort to put off the compoſition, ſent Don Diego to John *. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and preſent wife; and therefore ſuppoſed to have ſome influence over her: He had been ill uſed himſelf by Roger †, was againſt the compoſition ‡: The conference between him and Mrs Bull, was word for word as follows.

* Amongſt other obſtacles to the treaty, was the oppoſition of the Earl of Nottingham, a Tory Nobleman, who had great influence in the Houſe of Commons.

† The cauſe of his animoſity, from which this conduct is ſuppoſed to proceed, was Mr Harley's being choſen to ſucceed him as principal Secretary of State, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

‡ He expoſtulated againſt the peace with great warmth in the Houſe, when the Queen was preſent *incog.*

Don Diego. Is it poſſible, couſin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honeſteſt beſt-meaning perſons in the world, Eſquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have ſacrificed their intereſts to yours? It is baſe to take advantage of their ſimplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at laſt.

Mrs Bull. I am ſure they left my family in a bad condition; we have hardly money to go to market, and no body will take our words for ſixpence. A very fine ſpark this Eſquire South! My huſband took him in, a dirty, ſnotty-noſed boy; it was the buſineſs of half the ſervants to attend him, the rogue * did bawl and make ſuch a noiſe: Sometimes he fell in the fire, and burnt his face; ſometimes broke his ſhins clambering over the benches; often piſſed a-bed, and always came in ſo dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding-ſchool. He loſt his money at chuck-farthing, ſhuffle-cap, and all fours; ſold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are ſo in love with bagpipes and puppet-ſhows! I wiſh you knew what my huſband has paid at the paſtery-cook's and confectioner's for Naples biſcuit, tarts, cuſtards, and ſweet-meats. All this while my huſband conſidered him as a gentleman of a good family that

* Something relating to the manners of a great prince, ſuperſtition, love of operas, ſhows, &c.

that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has ſettled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him, by his intereſt, one of the beſt places of the country: And what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? he will hardly give me or my huſband a good word, or a civil expreſſion: Inſtead of *Sir* and *Madam* † (which, tho' I ſay it, is our due) he calls us *goody* and *gaffer* ſuch a-one: Says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at ſuch a rate, becauſe we will not ſpend the little we have left to get him the title and eſtate of Lord Strutt; and then for-ſooth, we ſhall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers. Beſides, Eſquire South will be Eſquire ſtill; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himſelf ſo, when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man ſay what he will do when he is got above the world?

D. Diego. And would you loſe the honour of ſo noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this ſcandalous compoſition, and truſt that old rogue, Lewis Baboon.

Mrs Bull. Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on, till Lewis turns honeſt, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell-hall. I wiſh every man had his own; but I ſtill ſay, that Lord Strutt's money ſhines as bright, and chinks as well, as Eſquire South's. I do not know any other hold that we tradeſmen have of theſe great folks,

† Something relating to forms and titles.

folks, but their intereſt; buy dear and ſell cheap, and I will warrant ye you will keep your cuſtomer. The worſt is, the Lord Strutt's ſervants have got ſuch a haunt about the old rogue's ſhop, that it will coſt us many a firkin of ſtrong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor Frog, what has he done? On my conſcience, if there be an honeſt, ſincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs Bull. I think I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood †; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is without our help. Ever ſince the commencement of this law-ſuit, it has been the buſineſs of Hocus, in ſharing our expences, to plead for Frog. 'Poor 'Frog, ſays he, is in hard circumſtances, he 'has a numerous family, and lives from hand 'to mouth; his children do not eat a bit of vic-'tuals from one year's end to the other, but 'live upon ſalt herring, ſowr curd, and bore-'cole; he does his utmoſt, poor fellow, to keep 'things even in the world, and has exerted him-'ſelf beyond his ability in this law-ſuit; but he 'really has not wherewithal to go on. What 'ſignifies this hundred pounds? place it upon 'your ſide of the accompt; it is a great deal to 'poor

† On the other ſide, complaint was made of the unequal burden of the war,

'poor Frog, and a trifle to you." This has been Hocus's conſtant language, and I am ſure he has obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego. No doubt Hocus meant all this for the beſt, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumſtances.

Mrs Bull. Hard circumſtances! I ſwear this is provoking to the laſt degree†. All the time of the law-ſuit, as faſt as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchaſed: From a plain tradeſman, with a ſhop, ware-houſe, and a country hutt with a dirty fiſh-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed eſtate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever maſter of. Is it not ſtrange, when my huſband diſburſed great ſums every term, Frog ſhould be-purchaſing ſome new farm or manor? ſo that if this law-ſuit laſts, he will be far the richeſt man in his country. What is worſe than all this, he ſteals away my cuſtomers every day; twelve of the richeſt and beſt have left my ſhop by his perſuaſion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: Judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. Frog is indeed pretty cloſe in his dealings, but very honeſt: You are ſo touchy, and take things ſo hotly, I am ſure there muſt be ſome miſtake in this.

Mrs

* and of the acquiſitions of the Dutch in Flanders: During theſe debates, the Houſe took into conſideration,

Mrs Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus, and thoſe rogues, kept my huſband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and ſtrong waters; I am ſure he never went one night ſober to bed, till they got him to ſign the ſtrangeſt deed that ever you ſaw in your life. The methods they took to manage him, I will tell you another time; at preſent I will read only the writing.

ARTICLES

ARTICLES of AGREEMENT

BETWIXT

JOHN BULL, CLOTHIER,

AND

NICHOLAS FROG, LINEN-DRAPER*.

I. THAT for maintaining the antient good correſpondence and friendſhip between the ſaid parties, I Nicholas Frog do ſolemnly engage and promiſe, to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor ſervants, give him any trouble, diſturbance, or moleſtation whatſoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their reſpective ſtations. And whereas the ſaid John Bull, from the aſſured confidence

† a treaty which had been concluded by the Lord Townſhend, at the Hague, between the Queen and the States, in 1709, for ſecuring the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and for ſettling a barrier for Holland againſt France. And it was reſolved, That ſeveral articles of this treaty were deſtructive to the trade and intereſt of Great-Britain; that Lord Townſhend had no authority to agree to them; and that he, and all thoſe who adviſed ratifying the treaty, were enemies to their country.

confidence that he has in my friendſhip, has appointed me executor of his laſt will and teſtament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake, for me, my heirs and aſſigns, to ſee the ſame duly executed and performed, and that it ſhall be unalterable in all its parts, by John Bull, or any body elſe: For that purpoſe it ſhall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his houſe at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, cheſts of drawers, and ſtrong boxes, in order to ſecure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to ſee his will duly executed.

II. In conſideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleaſed to accept of the aforeſaid truſt, I John Bull, having duly conſidered that my friend Nicholas Frog, at this time, lives in a marſhy ſoil and unwholeſome air, infeſted with fogs and damps, deſtructive of the health of himſelf, wife, and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs and aſſigns, to purchaſe for the ſaid Nicholas Frog, with the beſt and readieſt of my caſh, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattles, a landed eſtate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, conſiſting of as large extent as the ſaid Nicholas Frog ſhall think fit. And whereas the ſaid Nicholas Frog is at preſent hemmed in too cloſe by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, maſter of the ſcience of defence, I the ſaid John Bull do oblige myſelf, with the readieſt of my caſh, to

purchaſe and incloſe the ſaid grounds, for as many fields and acres as the ſaid Nicholas ſhall think fit; to the intent that the ſaid Nicholas may have free egreſs and regreſs, without lett or moleſtation, ſuitable to the demands of himſelf and family.

III. Furthermore, the ſaid John Bull obliges himſelf to make the country-neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the ſaid landed eſtate; to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eaſed of all charges.

IV. And whereas the ſaid Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceaſed Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the poſſeſſion of the ſaid John Bull; I the ſaid John Bull do freely, by theſe preſents, renounce, quit, and make over to the ſaid Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The ſaid John Bull obliges himſelf, his heirs and aſſigns, not to ſell one rag of broad or coarſe cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the ſaid Nicholas, except in ſuch quantities and ſuch rates, as the ſaid Nicholas ſhall think fit.

Signed and ſealed,

JOHN BULL,

NIC. FROG.

The reading of this paper put Mrs Bull in such a passion, that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego. Why in such a passion, cousin? Considering your circumstances at that time, I do not think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs Bull. You know the contrary *. Read that letter.

[*Reads the subscription*]. For Lewis Baboon, master of the noble science of defence.

SIR,

I Understand, that you are, at this time, treating with my friend John Bull, about restoring the Lord Strutt's custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and, to my certain knowledge, understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling cloaths. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands; but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken, I will find those that shall manage her; and

* In the mean time the Dutch were secretly negotiating with France.

and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one ſtep in his affairs without my conſent. If you will give me what you promiſed him, I will make all things eaſy, and ſtop the deeds of ejectment againſt Lord Strutt: If you will not, take what follows: I ſhall have a good action againſt you, for pretending to rob me of my Bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, couſin Diego, you are one of thoſe that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have ſaid you will carry a green bag yourſelf, rather than we ſhall make an end of our law-ſuit: I will teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's ſake, Madam, why ſo choleric? I ſay this letter is ſome forgery; it never entered into the head of that honeſt man, Nic. Frog, to do any ſuch thing.

Mrs Bull. I cannot abide you: You have been railing theſe twenty years, at Eſquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honeſteſt fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego?

Mrs Bull. So, ſo, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in ſeveral

weighty affairs, and have found him truſty and honeſt, and the poor man always ſcorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profeſs great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My huſband and I are now in ſuch circumſtances, that we muſt be ſerved upon cheaper terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, couſin, I find I can do no good with you; I am ſorry that you will ruin yourſelf, by truſting this Sir Roger.

CHAP. XVI.

How the guardians of the deceaſed Mrs Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein are briefly treated the characters of the three daughters; alſo John Bull's anſwer to the three guardians *.

I TOLD you in a former chapter, that Mrs Bull, before ſhe departed this life, had bleſſed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly uſe any ſcandalous reflections upon young ladies, whoſe reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of theſe were ſo well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury, to make a ſhort deſcription of them.

The

* The debates in parliament were however ſtill continued.

The eldeſt * was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed: She uſed to rantipole about the houſe, pinch the children, kick the ſervants, and torture the cats and dogs; ſhe would rob her father's ſtrong box, for money to give the young fellows that ſhe was fond of; ſhe had a noble air, and ſomething great in her mien, but ſuch a noiſome infectious breath, as threw all the ſervants that dreſſed her into conſumptions; if ſhe ſmelt to the freſheſt noſe-gay, it would ſhrivel and wither as if it had been blighted: She uſed to come home in her cups, and break the china and looking-glaſſes; and was of ſuch an irregular temper, and ſo entirely given up to her paſſion, that you might argue as well with the *north* wind, as with her Ladyſhip: So expenſive, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to ſupply her extravagance. Hocus loved her beſt, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs Bull.

The ſecond daughter †, born a year after her ſiſter, was a peeviſh, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with ſaucer eyes, a ſharp noſe, and hunch-backed: But active, ſpritely, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occaſioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night; She never reſted quietly a-bed; but uſed to diſturb the whole family with ſhricking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with

* Polemia, war. † Diſcordia, faction.

interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel: She would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was: Nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: She turned away one servant, for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her: Of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the protestant religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at Wapping; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shove down the cupola of St Paul's; of three millions of five-pound pieces, that Esquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars,

ſtars, flying dragons, and abundance of ſuch ſtuff. All the ſervants in the family made high court to her, for ſhe domineered there, and turned out and in whom ſhe pleaſed; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom ſhe mortally hated, and uſed to hire fellows to ſquirt kennel water upon him, as he paſſed along the ſtreets; ſo that he was forced conſtantly to wear a ſurtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the ſurtout was a little ſcanty.

As for the third *, ſhe was a thief, and a common mercenary proſtitute, and that without any ſolicitation from nature, for ſhe owned ſhe had no enjoyment. She had no reſpect of perſons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, ſhe would leave the fineſt gentleman in the world, to go to an ugly pocky fellow for ſixpence more. In the practice of her profeſſion, ſhe had amaſſed vaſt magazines of all ſorts of things; ſhe had above five hundred ſuits of fine cloaths, and yet went abroad like a cinder wench: She robbed and ſtarved all the ſervants, ſo that nobody could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will ſay were rarities to be fond of: Yet nature will ſhew itſelf; nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them; and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the intereſt

* Uſuria, uſury.

tereſt of the three girls, and give John their beſt advice before he compounded the law-ſuit.

Hocus. What makes you ſo ſhy of late, my good friend? There is nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: As I hope to be ſaved, I would do any thing to ſerve you; I would crawl upon all four to ſerve you; I have ſpent my health and paternal eſtate in your ſervice. I have, indeed, a ſmall pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conſcience as any man; but the thoughts of this diſgraceful compoſition ſo touches me to the quick, that I cannot ſleep: After I had brought the cauſe to the laſt ſtroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis, and Lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet poſſeſſion of every thing; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cauſe was my favourite, I had ſet my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it ſhould miſcarry: For God's ſake conſider only to what a diſmal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his caſh: His attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all *chicane* beſides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon truſt. Hold out only one term longer, and I will warrant you, before the next, we ſhall have him in the *fleet*. I will bring him to the pillory; his ears ſhall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God do not compound: Let me be damn'd if you have a friend in the world that loves you better than I: There is nobody can ſay

I

I am covetous, or that I have any intereſt to purſue, but yours.

2d *Guardian*. There is nothing ſo plain, as that this Lewis has a deſign to ruin all his neighbouring tradeſmen; and that at this time he has ſuch a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not ſome ſtop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing: No body will be able to ſell a yard of drapery or mercenary ware but himſelf. I then hold it adviſable, that you continue the law-ſuit, and burſt him at once. My concern for the three poor motherleſs children obliges me to give you this advice; for their eſtates, poor girls! depend upon the ſucceſs of this cauſe.

3d *Guardian*. I own this writ of ejectment has coſt dear; but then conſider it as a jewel well worth the purchaſing at the price of all you have. None but Mr Bull's declared enemies can ſay, he has any other ſecurity for his clothing trade, but the ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only queſtion then that remains to be decided, is, who ſhall ſtand the expences of the ſuit? To which the anſwer is as plain; who but he, that is to have the advantage of the ſentence? When Eſquire South has got poſſeſſion of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who then, but John, ought to put him in poſſeſſion? Aſk but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily anſwer, his tradeſmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go

to

to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and, with the ſame generous ſpirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you perſiſt in the bad meaſures you are now in, what muſt become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent perſons; but give me leave to tell you, you expreſs a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my intereſt ought to be conſidered in the firſt place. As for you, Hocus, I cannot but ſay you have managed my law-ſuit with great addreſs, and much to my honour, and, though I ſay it, you have been well paid for it. Why muſt the burthen be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my ſhoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my eſtate; his note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richeſt tradeſman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from ſcriveners and uſurers, that ſuck the heart, blood and guts out of me? And what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not preſented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the fineſt cloth in my ſhop? Why muſt the reſt of the tradeſmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to

go

go on with their own buſineſs, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conſcience, has not that been your conſtant diſcourſe theſe ſix years, *One term more, and old Lewis goes to pot.* If thou art ſo fond of my cauſe, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thouſands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a ſous to ſave me from gaol, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to ſtir out of my doors but to be pulled by the ſleeve by ſome raſcally dun or other? 'Sir, 'remember my bill: There is a ſmall concern of 'a thouſand pounds, I hope you think on it, 'Sir.' And to have theſe uſurers tranſact my debts at coffee-houſes, and ale-houſes, as if I were going to break up ſhop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, ſhould be brought to compound his debts for five ſhillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertiſement for a ſtatute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read ſomewhere in the Apocrypha, that one ſhould not *conſult with a woman touching her of whom ſhe is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of ſelling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindneſs*, &c. I could have added one thing more, *nor with an attorney about compounding a law-ſuit.* The ejectment of Lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witneſſes ſwear backwards and forwards, and contradict themſelves; and his tenants

tenants ſtick by him. One tells me, that I muſt carry on my ſuit, becauſe Lewis is poor; another, becauſe he is ſtill too rich: Whom ſhall I believe? I am ſure of one thing, that a penny in the purſe is the beſt friend John can have at laſt; and who can ſay that this will be the laſt ſuit I ſhall be engaged in? Beſides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reaſonable, that when Eſquire South is loſing his money to ſharpers and pick-pockets, going about the country with fidlers and buffoons, and ſquandering his income with hawks and dogs, I ſhould lay out the fruits of my honeſt induſtry in a law-ſuit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cauſe is over, I ſhall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man; but John Bull knows when he is ill uſed. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups: But it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakneſs; to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas, and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers cleavers, never let me cool, and make me ſet my hand to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the ſmall remainder of a very great eſtate.

CHAP. XVII.

Eſquire South's meſſage and letter to Mrs Bull.

THE arguments uſed by Hocus, and the reſt of the guardians, had hitherto proved inſufficient * : John and his wife could not be perſuaded to bear the expence of Eſquire South's law-ſuit. They thought it reaſonable, that ſince he was to have the honour and advantage, he ſhould bear the greateſt ſhare of the charges; and retrench what he loſt by ſharpers, and ſpent upon country-dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that uſe. This was not very grateful to the Eſquire; therefore, as the laſt experiment, he reſolved to ſend Signior Benenato †, maſter of his fox-hounds, to Mrs Bull, to try what he could do with her. This Signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any perſon in the world could have perſuaded her, it was he. But ſuch was her unſhaken fidelity to her huſband, and the conſtant purpoſe of her mind to purſue his intereſt, that the moſt refined arts

* But as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the Houſe of Auſtria, the Archduke ſent a meſſage and letter,

† by Prince Eugene, urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expence.

of gallantry that were practiſed, could not ſeduce her heart. The neck-laces, diamond croſſes, and rich bracelets that were offered, ſhe rejected with the utmoſt ſcorn and diſdain. The muſic and ſerenades, that were given her, ſounded more ungratefully in her ears, than the noiſe of a ſcreech-owl; however, ſhe received Eſquire South's letter by the hands of Signior Benenato, with that reſpect which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will obſerve he changes a little his uſual ſtile.

MADAM,

THE writ of ejectment againſt Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt) is juſt ready to paſs: There want but a few neceſſary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet poſſeſſion of my honour and eſtate: I queſtion not, but that according to your wonted generoſity and goodneſs, you will give it the finiſhing ſtroke; an honour that I would grudge any body but yourſelf. In order to eaſe you of ſome part of the charges, I promiſe to furniſh pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the ſtamps. Beſides, I have ordered my ſtewards to pay out of the readieſt and beſt of my rents, five pounds ten ſhillings a year, till my ſuit is finiſhed. I wiſh you health and happineſs, being with due reſpect,

MADAM,

Your aſſured friend,

SOUTH.

What anſwer Mrs Bull returned to this letter, you ſhall know in my ſecond part, only they were at a pretty good diſtance in their propoſals; for as Eſquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs Bull refuſed any more than to lend her barge * to carry his council to Weſtminſter-hall.

* This proportion was however thought to be ſo inconſiderable, that the letter produced no other effect, than the convoy of the forces by the Engliſh fleet to Barcelona.

LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT:

OR, THE

HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PART II.

THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE world is much indebted to the famous Sir Humphrey Poleſworth, for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's lawſuit; yet there is juſt cauſe of complaint againſt him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and will not give us the whole work: This forces me, who am only the publiſher, to beſpeak the aſſiſtance of his friends and acquaintance, to engage him to lay aſide that ſtingy humour, and gratify the curioſity of the public at once. He pleads in excuſe, that they are only private memoirs, wrote for his own uſe, in a looſe ſtile, to ſerve as a help to his ordinary converſation *. I repreſented

* This excuſe of Sir Humphrey can only relate to the ſecond part or ſequel of the hiſtory. See the preface to the firſt part.

ſented to him the good reception the firſt part had met with; that, though calculated only for the meridian of Grub-ſtreet, it was yet taken notice of by the better ſort; that the world was now ſufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and intereſted itſelf in his concerns. He anſwered with a ſmile, that he had indeed ſome trifling things to impart, that concerned John Bull's relations and domeſtic affairs; if theſe would ſatisfy me, he gave me free leave to make uſe of them, becauſe they would ſerve to make the hiſtory of the law-ſuit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuſcript, I found likewiſe ſome further account of the compoſition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to ſuch as have read the former part.

CHAP. I.

The character of John Bull's mother *.

JOHN had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly, old gentlewoman as ever lived. She was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and under-valuing those of others: On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit; and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcileable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise *prudes*, nor one of your fantastical old *belles*, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen: As she neither wore a ruff, fore-head cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, furbelow-scarfs, and hooped-petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel: Though her hair was not stuck with

* The church of England.

with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanack, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon gouſt*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state and canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair: She had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan-work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon, to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies, that affect to smell stink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms: She was above such affectation; yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'sying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations; *We muſt not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, and my couſin Betty, died this time ten years: Let us have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour ſuch-a-one's birth-day:* She looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them; and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors *, to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation, and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: Your rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear her's; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them, than some that were more sowr and reserved: She was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and *conjugal fidelity* in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the *indispensable duty of cuckoldom*: Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it.* It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than any body.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults; amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAP.

* In the Rebellion of 1641.

CHAP. II.

*The character of John Bull's ſiſter Peg *, with the quarrels that happened between Maſter and Miſs in their childhood.*

JOHN had a ſiſter, a poor girl that had been ſtarved at nurſe; any body would have gueſſed Miſs to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel ſtep-dame, and John to be the foundling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plumb, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miſs looked pale and wan, as if ſhe had the green-ſickneſs; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, gooſe and capon, while Miſs had only a little oat-meal and water, or a dry cruſt without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miſs, a crab-apple, ſloe, or a blackberry. Maſter lay in the beſt apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the ſouth ſun. Miſs lodged in a garret, expoſed to the north wind, which ſhrivelled her countenance. However, this uſage, though it ſtunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy conſtitution; ſhe had life and ſpirit in abundance, and knew when ſhe was ill uſed: Now and then ſhe would ſeize upon John's commons, ſnatch a leg

* The nation and church of S———d.

leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were ſure to go to fifty-cuffs. Maſter was indeed too ſtrong for her; but Miſs would not yield in the leaſt point, but even when Maſter had got her down, ſhe would ſcratch and bite like a tyger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, ſhe would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-poſt; for which affront, Miſs aimed a pen-knife at his heart *. In ſhort, theſe quarrels grew up to rooted averſions; they gave one another nick-names; ſhe called him *gundy-guts*, and he called her *louſy Peg:* though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might diſcern ſpirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but ſomething that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of theſe early quarrels, and make them live better together, ſuch domeſtic feuds proving afterwards the occaſion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, ſome odd humours, and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What think 'you of my ſiſter Peg, ſays he, that faints at the 'ſound of an organ, and yet will dance and friſk 'at the noiſe of a pagpipe?' 'What's that to 'you, *gundy-guts*, quoth Peg, every body's to 'chuſe

* Henry VII. to unite the two kingdoms under one ſovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland: This offer was rejected, and followed by a war. To this event probably the author alludes.

'chuſe their own muſic.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to ſay her *Pater-noſter*, which made people imagine ſtrange things of her. Of the three brothers, that have made ſuch a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack had of late been her inclinations *: Lord Peter ſhe deteſted: Nor did Martin ſtand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired, what charms ſhe diſcovered in that aukward booby, till I talked with a perſon that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

CHAP. III.

Jack's charms †, *or the method by which he gained Peg's heart.*

IN the firſt place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngeſt of the three brothers; and people, indeed, wondered how ſuch a young upſtart jackanape ſhould grow ſo pert and ſaucy, and take ſo much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men: He was *well-gifted*, as he pretended; I need not tell you what ſecret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack

* Love of preſbytery.

† Character of the preſbyterians.

Jack had a moſt ſcandalous tongue, and perſuaded Peg that all mankind, beſides himſelf, were poxed by that ſcarlet-faced whore Signiora Bubonia *. 'As for his brother, Lord Peter, 'the tokens were evident on him, blotches, ſcabs, 'and the corona: His brother Martin, though 'he was not quite ſo bad, had ſome nocturnal 'pains, which his friends pretended were only 'ſcorbutical; but he was ſure it proceeded from 'a worſe cauſe.' By ſuch malicious inſinuations, he had poſſeſſed the lady, that he was the only man in the world of a ſound, pure, and untainted conſtitution: Though there were ſome that ſtuck not to ſay, that Signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that Jack had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark ſtormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you, the outſide of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himſelf out for a man of a great eſtate in the fortunate iſlands; of which the ſole property was veſted in his perſon: By this trick he cheated abundance of people of ſmall ſums, pretending to make over plantations in the ſaid iſlands; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that Peg was whimſical, and loved

† The whore of Babylon, or the Pope.

any thing that was particular: In that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, ſpoke, dreſſed, nor acted like other mortals: He was for your *bold ſtrokes;* he railed at fops, tho' he was himſelf the moſt affected in the world; inſtead of the common faſhion, he would viſit his miſtreſs in a morning cloak, band, ſhort cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which, he ſaid, ſhewed more humility, and leſs affectation: Where other people ſtood, he ſat; where they ſat, he ſtood; when he went to court, he uſed to kick away the ſtate, and ſit down by his prince cheek by jole: *Confound theſe ſtates*, ſays he, *they are a modern invention:* When he ſpoke to his prince, he always turned his b——ch upon him: If he was adviſed to faſt for his health, he would eat roaſt-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be ſure that day to live upon water-gruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jeſts at a funeral.

He was no leſs ſingular in his opinions; you would have burſt your ſides to hear him talk of politics *: 'All government, ſays he, is founded 'upon the right diſtribution of *puniſhments;* 'decent executions keep the world in awe; for 'that reaſon the majority of mankind ought to 'be hanged every year. For example, I ſup-'poſe the magiſtrate ought to paſs an irrever-'ſible ſentence upon all *blue-eyed children* from

 the

* Abſolute predeſtination.

'the cradle *; but that there may be some shew 'of justice in this proceeding, these children 'ought to be trained up by masters, appointed 'for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy; that 'they may deserve their fate, and the execution 'of them may serve as an object of terror to the 'rest of mankind.' As to the giving of *pardons*, he had this singular method, † that when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be enquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged out-right. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterwards, for any crime whatsoever ‡. He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face, *That fellow*, says he, *do what he will, cannot avoid hanging; he has a hanging look.* By the same art he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies; they were generally bent towards exploded chimeras §, the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher's stone, silent gunpowder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs and split hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon Peg. Her brother

* Reprobation.

† Saving health; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.

‡ Election.

§ The learning of the presbyterians.

brother would now and then aſk her, 'What a 'devil doſt thou ſee in that pragmatical coxcomb 'to make thee ſo in love with him? He is a fit 'match for a taylor or a ſhoe-maker's daughter, 'but not for you, that are a gentlewoman.' 'Fancy is free, quoth Peg: I will take my own 'way, do you take your's. I do not care for 'your flaunting beaus, that gang with their 'breaſts open, and their ſarks over their waiſt-'coats; that accoſt me with ſet ſpeeches out of 'Sidney's Arcadia, or the Academy of Com-'pliments. Jack is a ſober, grave young man; 'though he has none of your ſtudied harangues, 'his meaning is ſincere: He has a great regard 'to his father's will: And he that ſhews himſelf 'a good ſon, will make a good huſband; be-'ſides, I know he has the original deed of con-'veyance to the fortunate iſlands; the others are 'counterfeits.' There is nothing ſo obſtinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you croſs her, the worſe ſhe is.

CHAP. IV.

How the relations reconciled John and his ſiſter Peg, and what return Peg made to John's meſſage *.

JOHN BULL, otherwiſe a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his ſiſter Peg, chiefly from an averſion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flouriſhed, kept a warm houſe, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the ſtreets, ſelling knives, ſciſſars, and ſhoe-buckles; now and then carried a baſket of fiſh to the market; ſewed, ſpun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were ſore; and when ſhe could not get bread for her family, ſhe was forced to hire them out at journey-work to her neighbours. Yet in theſe poor circumſtances ſhe ſtill preſerved the air and mien of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted reſpect from the haughtieſt of her neighbours; when ſhe came into any full aſſembly, ſhe would not yield the *pas* to the beſt of them. If one aſked her, are not you related to John Bull? 'Yes, ſays ſhe; 'he has the honour to be my brother.' So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out, ſhame upon John for his barbarous uſage of his own fleſh

* The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

fleſh and blood; that it was an eaſy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himſelf, being ſhe was an induſtrious perſon, and might be ſerviceable to him in his way of buſineſs. 'Hang her, jade, quoth John; I cannot endure 'her, as long as ſhe keeps that raſcal Jack's 'company.' They told him, the way to reclaim her, was to take her into his houſe, that by converſation the childiſh humours of their younger days might be worn out. Theſe arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his *will*, and *entailing his eſtate* *, the very ſame in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now, his ſiſter Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough ſettlement without her conſent. There was, indeed, a malicious ſtory went about, as if John's laſt wife had fallen in love with Jack, as he was eating cuſtard on horſeback †; that ſhe perſuaded John to take his ſiſter into the houſe, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his miſtreſs Peg. All I can infer from this ſtory, is, that when one has got a bad character in the world,

* The ſucceſſion to the crown having been ſettled by act of parliament in England, upon the Houſe of Hanover, and no ſuch act having paſſed in Scotland, then a ſeparate kingdom, it was thought a proper time to complete the Union, which had been attempted, and which was recommended to the Scots by King William III.

† A preſbyterian Lord Mayor of London.

people will report and believe any thing of one, true or falſe. But to return to my ſtory; when Peg received John's meſſage, ſhe huffed and ſtormed like the devil †: 'My brother John, 'quoth ſhe, is grown wondrous kind-hearted 'all of a ſudden; but I meikle doubt, whether it 'be not mair for their own conveniency than for 'my good; he draws up his writs and deeds, 'forſooth, and I muſt ſet my hand to them, un-'ſight, unſeen. I like the young man he has 'ſettled upon well enough, but I think I ought 'to have a valuable conſideration for my con-'ſent. He wants my poor little farm, becauſe 'it makes a nook in his park-wall: Ye may 'e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes a 'good uſe of; he gangs up and down drink-'ing, roaring, and quarreling, through all the 'country markets, making fooliſh bargains in 'his cups, which he repents when he is ſober; 'like a thriftleſs wretch, ſpending the goods 'and gear that his forefathers won with the 'ſweat of their brows; light come, light go, he 'cares not a farthing. But why ſhould I ſtand 'ſurety for his contracts? The little I have is 'free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, 'let it be never ſo hamely. I ken him well 'enough, he could never abide me; and when 'he has his ends, he'll e'en uſe me as he did be-'fore. I am ſure I ſhall be treated like a poor 'drudge;

† The Scots expreſſed their fears for the preſbyterian government, and of being burdened with the Engliſh national debts.

'drudge; I ſhall be ſet to tend the bairns, dearn 'the hoſe, and mend the linen. Then there's 'no living with that old carline his mother; ſhe 'rails at Jack, and Jack's an honeſter man than 'any of her kin: I ſhall be plagued with her 'ſpells and her *Pater-noſters*, and ſilly old-world 'ceremonies; I mun never pair my nails on a 'Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-'day: And I mun ſtand becking and binging, 'as I gang out into the hall. Tell him he may 'e'en gang his get; I'll have nothing to do with 'him; I'll ſtay like the poor country mouſe, in 'my awn habitation.' So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interpoſition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was ſent, and many more that were promiſed Peg, the matter was concluded, and *Peg taken into the houſe* upon certain articles: One of which was, that ſhe might have the freedom of Jack's converſation *, and might take him better for worſe, if ſhe pleaſed; provided always, he did not come into the houſe at unſeaſonable hours, and diſturb the reſt of the old woman, John's mother.

CHAP.

* The act of Toleration.

CHAP. V.

Of some quarrels that happened after Peg was taken into the family *.

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old sages, called Æsop, in the story of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how often his good nature had been abused; yet I do not know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his sister Peg, on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and

* Quarrels about some of the articles of Union, particularly the peerage.

and moderate the reſentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

The purchaſe-money of Peg's farm was ill paid *; then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the ſervants ſhut up the wine-cellars: But for that Peg found a trick, for ſhe made a falſe key †. Peg's ſervants complained, that they were debarred from all manner of buſineſs, and never ſuffered to touch the leaſt thing within the houſe ‡: If they offered to come into the warehouſe, then ſtrait went the yard ſlap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the beſt apartment, to ſet any thing there in order, they were ſaluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the ſtables, was met by two raſcals, who fell to work with him with a bruſh and a curry-comb; ſome, climbing up into the coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive, then ſlap went the long whip about their ears.

On

* By the 15th article of the treaty of Union, it was agreed, that Scotland ſhould have an equivalent for ſeveral cuſtoms and exciſes to which ſhe would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

† Run wine.

‡ By the Teſt act, diſſenters are excluded from places and employments.

On the other hand it was complained, that Peg's ſervants were always aſking for drink-money; that they had more than their ſhare of the Chriſtmas-box * : To ſay the truth, Peg's lads buſtled pretty hard for that; for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fiſts, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, ſhillings, and ſixpences. Others, in the ſcramble, picked up guineas and broad pieces. But there happened a worſe thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's ſervants had great ſtomachs, and brought ſo many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of houſe and home. Inſtead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thruſt away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; ſpoons, plates, and diſhes, flew about the room like mad; and Sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg ſaid, this was contrary to agreement, whereby ſhe was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then ſhe called upon thoſe, that had made her ſuch fair promiſes, and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour; but, alas! to her coſt ſhe found, that they were the firſt and readieſt to do her the injury. John at laſt agreed to this regulation; that Peg's footmen † might ſit with

* Endeavoured to get their ſhare of places.

† Articles of Union, whereby they could make a Scots Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

with his book-keeper, journeymen, and apprentices; and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.

Then they began to order plumb porridge and minced pies for Peg's dinner: Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing * down a mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again. Some alledged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

The conversation between John Bull and his wife.

Mrs Bull. THough our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seemed to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull.

* Introducing Episcopacy into Scotland, by Charles I.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs Bull. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: They have had law-suits; but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee give me some account of these matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: He is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his Champaigne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. 'My worthy friends, quoth Lewis, 'henceforth let us live neighbourly. I am as 'peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live a-'mong quarrelsome neighbours. There is but 'one thing can make us fall out, and that is the '*inheritance of Lord Strutt's estate:* I am content, 'for peace sake, to wave my right, and submit 'to any expedient to prevent a law-suit: I think

'an *equal diviſion* * will be the faireſt way.' *Well moved, Old Lewis*, quoth Frog; *and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory.* At the ſame time he clapped me on the back, and flabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. *Do as you pleaſe, Gentlemen*, quoth I; *it is all one to John Bull.* We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park-wall with our ſurveying inſtruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a ſemicircle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead-pencil; and I followed at ſome diſtance with a long pole. We began firſt with ſurveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we meaſured the corn-fields, cloſe by cloſe; then we proceeded to the wood lands, the copper and tin mines †. All this while Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finiſhed the land, we were going to break into the houſe and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs Bull. What ſaid Lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almoſt finiſhed our concern, we were accoſted by ſome of Lord Strutt's ſervants: 'Hey day! What's here? what a de-'vil's the meaning of all theſe trangrams and 'gimcracks, Gentlemen? what in the name of

* A treaty for preſerving the balance of power in Europe, by a partition of the Spaniſh dominions.

† The Weſt Indies.

'wonder are you going about, jumping over my 'maſter's hedges, and running your lines croſs 'his grounds? If you are at any field paſtime, 'you might have aſked leave; my maſter is a civil 'well-bred perſon as any is.'

Mrs Bull. What could you anſwer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly, my neighbour Frog and I were ſtill hot-headed; we told him his maſter was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own buſineſs; that we were ſurveying his eſtate, and ſettling it for him, ſince he would not do it himſelf. Upon this there happened a quarrel; but we being ſtronger than they, ſent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home, and told their maſter *: 'My lord, ſaid 'they, there are three odd ſort of fellows going 'about your grounds, with the ſtrangeſt machines 'that ever we beheld in our life: I ſuppoſe they 'are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, 'or drive away your cattle; they told us ſtrange 'things of ſettling your eſtate: One is a luſty 'old fellow, in a black wig, with a black beard, 'without teeth: There's another thick ſquat fel-'low, in trunk-hoſe: The third is a little, long-'noſed thin man.' (I was then lean, being juſt come out of a fit of ſickneſs). 'I ſuppoſe it is 'fit to ſend after them, leſt they carry ſomething 'away.'

Mrs Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. Bull.

* This partition of the King of Spain's dominions, was made without his conſent, or even his knowledge.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo, ſwore and bounced about the room. 'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted ſo by my tradeſmen? I know the raſcals: My barber, clothier, and linen-draper, diſpoſe of my eſtate! bring hither my blunderbuſs. I'll warrant ye, you ſhall ſee day-light through them. Scoundrels! dogs! the ſcum of the earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my eſtate! with my will! Ah, poor Strutt, what art thou come to at laſt? Thou haſt lived too long in the world, to ſee thy age and infirmity ſo deſpiſed: How will the ghoſts of my noble anceſtors receive theſe tidings? They cannot, they muſt not, ſleep quietly in their graves.' In ſhort, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit; and, after bleeding in both arms, hardly recovered.

Mrs Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the reſt of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken the other bottle of Champagne, we quarrelled a little about the diviſion of the eſtate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one ſide, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment in pieces. At laſt Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailors ſheers, and clipt a corner for himſelf, which he ſaid was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left

Frog and me the reſt to diſpoſe of as we pleaſed. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with ſo little, not ſmelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened indeed an incident that gave us ſome diſturbance: A cunning fellow, one of my ſervants, two days after, peeping through the key-hole, obſerved, that old Lewis had ſtole away our part of the map, and ſaw him ſiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: He was muttering ſomething to himſelf, which we did not well hear, only theſe words, *It is great pity, it is great pity!* My ſervant added, that he believed this had ſome ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiſer than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends; he is an honeſt fellow, and I dare ſay will ſtand to his bargain. The ſequel of the ſtory proved this fellow's ſuſpicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis * revealed our whole ſecret to the deceaſed Lord Strutt, who, in reward of his treachery and revenge to Frog and me, ſettled his whole eſtate upon the preſent Philip Baboon. Then we underſtood what he meant by piercing the map.

Mrs Bull. And was you ſurpriſed at this? Had not Lord Strutt reaſon to be angry? Would you have

* It is ſuſpected, that the French King intended to take the whole; and that he revealed the ſecret to the court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandſon.

have been contented to have been ſo uſed yourſelf?

J. Bull. Why, truly, wife, it was not eaſily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the faſhion to do ſuch things. I have read of your golden age, your ſilver age, &c. one might juſtly call this the age of *lawyers*. There was hardly a man of ſubſtance in all the country, but had a *counterfeit* * *that pretended to his eſtate.* As the philoſophers ſay, that there is a duplicate of every terreſtrial animal at ſea, ſo it was in this age of the lawyers, there was at leaſt two of every thing; nay, on my conſcience, I think there were three Eſquire Hackums † at one time. In ſhort, it was uſual for a parcel of fellows to meet and diſpoſe of the whole eſtates in the country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom: Thou wouldſt do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it.* So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body elſe was undone. It was a common thing for an honeſt man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family; hectoring his ſervants, calling for ſupper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every houſe you might obſerve two Sofia's, quarrelling who was maſter. For my own part, I am ſtill afraid of the ſame treatment, and that I ſhould find ſomebody behind my counter ſelling my broad cloth.

* Several pretenders at that time. † Kings of Poland.

Mrs Bull. There are a sort of fellows, they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but it seems, these fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think, that *justice* is a better rule than *conveniency*; for all some people make so slight on it.

CHAP. VII.

Of the hard shifts Mrs Bull was put to, to preserve the manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns *.

AS John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door: 'Those wicked scriveners 'and lawyers, no doubt, quoth John; and so it was: Some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. 'What a curs'd life do I lead? quoth John;

* After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves, by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer if the treasurer Godolphin was removed; the dread of this event produced it: The monied men began to sell their shares in the bank: The governor, deputy-governor, and two directors, applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps, by Bullock's Hatch, the author meant the crown lands; see p. 104. and 105.

John; 'debt is like deadly sin: For God's sake, 'Sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows.' 'I'll 'warrant you, quoth Sir Roger, leave them to 'me.' And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he * would stand at the door with his long staff, to keep off the duns till John got out at the back-door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger used to bargain before-hand, for leave to cut off the quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar: When ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats, and three-penny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mightily inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to

* Manners of the Earl of Oxford.

to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he could ſend away to ſee ſome ſtrange fight, as the dragon of *Hockley in the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would ſee him in the kitchen *, weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a-tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing them, ſell damaged and light meat. Another time he would ſlip into the cellar, and guage the caſks. In his leiſure minutes, he was poſting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were neceſſary, where money was ſo ſcarce, and duns ſo numerous. All this while, John kept his credit, could ſhew his head both at 'Change and Weſtminſter-hall; no man proteſted his bill, nor refuſed his bond; only the ſharpers and ſcriveners, the lawyers and other clerks, pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The ſquirters were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loſs of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger ſhook his ears, and nuzzled along, well ſatisfied within himſelf, that he was doing a charitable work in reſcuing an honeſt man from the claws of *harpies and bloodſuckers*. Mrs Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good houſewife, could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indiviſible lines; it is impoſſible to march up cloſe to the frontiers

* Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen's family.

frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parſimony. Your good houſewives are apt to look into the minuteſt things; therefore ſome blamed Mrs Bull for new heel-piecing of her ſhoes *, grudging a quarter a pound of *ſoap* and *ſand* to ſcowr the rooms; but eſpecially, that ſhe would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan †, the London Apprentices, or the ſeven Champions in the black-letter.

CHAP. VIII.

A continuation of the converſation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs Bull. IT is a moſt ſad life we lead, my dear, to be ſo teazed, paying intereſt for old debts, and ſtill contracting new ones. However, I do not blame you for vindicating your honour, and chaſtizing old Lewis: To curb the inſolent, protect the oppreſſed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law. The only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finiſhed your ſuit?

J. Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my ſuit ſtood upon three firm pillars; *more money*

* The great ſavings in the Houſe of Commons.

† Reſtraining the liberty of the preſs by act of parliament.

money for more law, more law for more money, and *no compoſition.* More money for more law, was plain to a demonſtration; for who can go to law without money? And it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what compoſition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he ſaid?

Mrs Bull. I think you are moſt likely to get out of this labyrinth by the ſecond door, by want of ready money to purchaſe this precious commodity: But you ſeem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought: Elſe, how was it poſſible to run ſo much in debt, when, at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to thoſe uſurers, would diſcharge Hocus's bills, and give you your belly-full of law for all your life, without running one ſixpence in debt? You have been bred up to buſineſs; I ſuppoſe you can cypher; I wonder you never uſed your pen and ink.

J. Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppoſe a young heir heedleſs, raw, and unexperienced, full of ſpirit and vigour, with a favourite paſſion, in the hands of money ſcriveners: Such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills: If they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at laſt, till they ſqueeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money †, half a dozen of theſe

† Methods of preying upon the neceſſities of the government.

these fellows were always waiting in my anti-chamber, with their securities *ready* drawn. I was tempted with the ready, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other, to lawyers, that like so many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs Bull. No clause of redemption, say you? that's hard.

J. Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that; the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the same man was butcher and grasier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker, even my herb-woman dunned me as I went along the streets. (Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to gaol). When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the lawyers; counsel won't tick, Sir; Hocus was urging: My book-keeper sat sotting all day, playing at *put* and *all-fours*:

fours: In ſhort, by griping uſurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent ſervants, I am brought to this paſs.

Mrs Bull. This was hard uſage! but, methinks, the leaſt reflection might have retrieved you.

J. Bull. It is true: Yet conſider my circumſtances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out: Beſides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houſes and brandy-ſhops, and brought me acquainted with ſuch ſtrange dogs! 'There goes the prettieſt 'fellow in the world *, ſays one, for managing 'a jury; make him yours. There's another can 'pick you up witneſſes: Serjeant ſuch a-one has 'a ſilver tongue at the bar.' I believe, in time, I ſhould have retained every ſingle perſon within the inns of the court. The night after a trial, I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddlers, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hallowing, *Long live John Bull, the glory and ſupport of the law!*

Mrs Bull. Really, huſband, you went through a very notable courſe.

J. Bull. One of theſe things that firſt alarmed me, was, that they ſhewed a ſpite † againſt my

* Hiring ſtill more troops.

† Railing againſt the church.

poor old mother. 'Lord, quoth I, what makes 'you ſo jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentle-'woman, that minds only her prayers, and her 'practice of piety: She never meddles in any of 'your concerns? Foh, ſay they, to ſee a hand-'ſome, briſk, genteel, young fellow, ſo much go-'verned by a doating old woman! why don't you 'go and ſuck the bubby? Do you conſider ſhe 'keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the 'beſt of your eſtate ſettled upon her for a rent 'charge: Hang her, old thief, turn her out of 'doors, ſeize her land, and let her go to law if 'ſhe dares.' 'Soft and fair, gentlemen, quoth I: 'My mother's my mother; our family are not 'of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take 'all her advice, I won't ſeize her jointure; long 'may ſhe enjoy it, good woman; I don't grudge 'it her, ſhe allows me now and then a brace of 'hundreds for my law-ſuit; that's pretty fair.' About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd ſort of a diſtemper †; it began with a cold-neſs and numbneſs in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves, (I think the phyſicians call them) ſeized the brain, and at laſt ended in a le-thargy. It betrayed itſelf at firſt in a ſort of in-difference and careleſſneſs in all her actions, cold-neſs to her beſt friends, and an averſion to ſtir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanlieſt creature in the world, never ſhrunk, now, if you ſet a cloſe-ſtool under her

† Careleſſneſs in forms and diſcipline.

noſe. She, that would ſometimes rattle off her ſervants pretty ſharply; now, if ſhe ſaw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Inſtead of her uſual charities to deſerving perſons, ſhe threw away her money upon roaring, ſwearing bullies and beggars *, that went about the ſtreets. 'What is the matter with 'the old gentlewoman, ſaid every body? ſhe ne-'ver uſed to do in this manner.' At laſt the diſtemper grew more violent †, and threw her downright into raving fits; in which ſhe ſhrieked out ſo loud, that ſhe diſturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits, ſhe called upon one Sir William: 'Oh! Sir William ‡, thou haſt betray-'ed me! killed me! ſtabbed me! ſold me to the 'cuckold of Dover-ſtreet! See, ſee, Clum with 'his bloody knife! ſeize him, ſeize him, ſtop 'him! Behold the fury with her hiſſing ſnakes! 'Where's my ſon John? Is he well, is he well? 'poor man, I pity him;' and abundance more of ſuch ſtrange ſtuff, that no body could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the anſwer was, 'that ſhe was in a good moderate way.' Phyſicians were ſent for in haſte. Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came

* Diſpoſing of ſome preferments to libertine and unprincipled perſons.

† The too violent clamour about the danger of the church.

‡ Sir William, a cant name of Sir Humphrey's for Lord Treaſurer Godolphin.

came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation.

At last they divided into two parties; one sided with Garth, the other with Ratcliff. Dr Garth *: 'This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; 'the old woman is whimsical; it is a common 'thing for your old woman to be so; I'll pawn 'my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover 'her.' Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. Ratcliff †: 'Gentlemen, you are mis-'taken in this case; it is plainly an acute distem-'per, and she cannot hold out three days, unless 'she is supported with strong cordials.' I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them, what they thought of my mother? 'In no manner of danger, I avow to God, *quoth* '*Garth*; the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, 'Sir, I avow to Gad.' I tell you, Sir, *says Ratcliff*, 'she cannot live three days to an end, unless 'there is some very effectual course taken with 'her; she has a malignant fever.' Then, fool, puppy, and blockhead, were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one party of the physicians

* Garth, the Low-church party.

† Ratcliff, the High-church party.

desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked, if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a High-German liveryman of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker *, that gave her a sort of quack-powder. The physician desired to see 'it: Nay, says he, there is opium in this, I am 'sure.'

Mrs Bull. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

J. Bull. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, that they had heard some of the livery-men † frequently railing at their mistress. 'They said, 'she was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, 'and so ceremonious, that there was no bearing 'of her. They were so plagued with bowing and 'cringing as they went in and out of the room, 'that there backs ached. She used to scold at 'one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy 'hair, and not combing his head: That she was 'so passionate and fiery in her temper, that there 'was no living with her; she wanted something 'to sweeten her blood: That they never had a 'quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morn-'ing to early sacraments; they wished they could 'find

* Yan Ptschirnsooker, a bishop at that time, a great dealer in politics and physic.

† The clergy.

'find some way or another to keep the old wo-
'man quiet in her bed.' Such discourses were often overheard among the livery-men, while the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, 'That she 'had seen the said Yan Ptschirnsooker, one of 'the livery-men, frequently making up of 'medicines, and administering them to all the 'neighbours; that she saw him one morning 'make up the powder, which her mistress took; 'that she had the curiosity to ask him, whence 'he had the ingredients? They come, says he, 'from several parts of the world; dis I have 'from Geneva, dat from Rome, this white pow-'der from Amsterdam, and the red from Edin-'burgh; but the chief ingredient of all comes 'from Turkey.' It was likewise proved, that the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress: That he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: 'Madam, here is grand 'secret van de world, my sweetening powder, it 'does temperate de humour, despel de windt, 'and cure de vapour, it lulleth and quieteth the 'animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant 'dreams: It is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, 'all heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon de 'skin: It is de true blood-stancher, stopping all 'fluxes of de bloodt: If you do take dis, you

'will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all 'diſeaſes:' And abundance more to this purpoſe, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his ſtory by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows:

CHAP. IX.

A copy of Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull *.

[*John Bull reads*].

FRIEND JOHN,

'WHAT ſchellum is this, that makes thee 'jealous of thy old friend Nicholas? 'Haſt thou forgot how ſome years ago he took 'thee out of the ſpunging-houſe †?' [*It is true, my friend Nic. did ſo, and I thank him, but he made me pay a ſwinging reckoning*]. 'Thou beginneſt 'now to repent thy bargain, that thou waſt ſo 'fond of; and, if thou durſt, wouldſt forſwear 'thy own hand and ſeal. Thou ſayſt, that thou 'haſt purchaſed me too great an eſtate already; 'when, at the ſame time, thou knoweſt I have 'only a mortgage: It is true I have poſſeſſion, 'and the tenants own me for maſter; but has 'not

* A letter from the S—s G—l.

† Alluding to the Revolution.

'not Eſquire South the equity of redemption?' [*No doubt, and will redeem it very ſpeedily; poor Nic. has only poſſeſſion, eleven points of the law.*]

'As for the turnpikes * I have ſet up, they are 'for other people, not for my friend John; I 'have ordered my ſervant conſtantly to attend, 'to let thy carriages through without paying any 'thing; only I hope thou will not come too heavy 'laden to ſpoil my ways. Certainly I have juſt 'cauſe of offence againſt thee, my friend, for 'ſuppoſing it poſſible that thou and I ſhould e-'ver quarrel: What hounds foot is it that puts 'theſe whims in thy head? Ten thouſand laſt of 'devils haul me, if I don't love thee, as I love my 'life.' [*No queſtion, as the devil loves holy-water!*]

'Does not thy own hand and ſeal oblige thee to 'purchaſe for me, till I ſay it is enough? Are 'not theſe words plain? I ſay it is not enough. 'Doſt thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made 'a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy con-'tract, *tota pecunia*, with all thy money.' [*Very well! I have purchaſed with my own money, my children's, and my grand-children's money, is not that enough? Well,* tota pecunia, *let it be, for, at preſent, I have none at all; He would not have me purchaſe with other people's money ſure: Since* tota pecunia *is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchaſe.*] 'And whatever the 'world may ſay, Nicholas Frog is but a poor 'man, in compariſon of the rich, the opulent 'John

* The Dutch prohibition of trade.

'John Bull, great clothier of the world. I have 'had many losses; six of my best sheep were 'drowned, and the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a pipe of my best brandy: It 'would be a more friendly act in thee, to carry 'a brief about the country to repair the losses 'of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the 'world, that I am still hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my borders?' [*And so he will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more, unless he get somebody betwixt them.*] 'I tell 'thee friend John, thou hast flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do 'not believe them: If thou wouldst still leave thy 'affairs in my hands, thou shouldst see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou 'shouldst be dazzled with the inchanted islands, 'and mountains of gold, that old Lewis promises 'thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out 'the money to purchase a place at court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much 'as think of a composition.' [*Not think of a composition! that's hard indeed; I cannot help thinking of it, if I would*]. 'Thou complainest of want of 'money; let thy wife and daughters burn the 'gold-lace of their petticoats; sell thy fat cattle; 'retrench but a sirloin of beef and a peck-loaf in 'a week from thy gormandizing guts.' [*Retrench my beef, a dog! retrench my beef! then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me, he would starve me*]. 'Mortgage thy manor of Bullocks-hatch,

'or

'or pawn thy crop for ten years.' [*A rogue! part with my country-seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I'll see him hanged first.*] 'Why hast thou changed thy attorney? Can 'any man manage thy cause better for thee?' [*Very pleasant! because a man has a good attorney, he must never make an end of his law-suit.*] 'Ah, 'John! John! I wish thou knewest thy own 'mind; thou art as fickle as the wind. I tell 'thee, thou hadst better let this composition a-'lone, or leave it to thy

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP. X.

Of some extraordinary things *, *that passed at the Salutation Tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South, and Lewis Baboon.*

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the Salutation, to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to

* The treaty of Utrecht: The difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the Dutch would not speak their sentiments, nor the French deliver in their proposals. The House of Austria talked very high.

to be seized with the gout in his right knee: Then he got a great cold, that struck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away; 'Come, Nic. *says he*, let's 'go and hear at least what this old fellow has to 'propose! I hope there's no hurt in that. Be it 'so, *quoth Nic.* but if I catch any harm, woe be 'to you; my wife and children will curse you as 'long as they live.' When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was. 'Well, neighbours, *quoth he*, 'let's now make an end of all matters, and live 'peaceably together for the time to come; if e-'very body is as well inclined as I, we shall quick-'ly come to the upshot of our affair.' And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great surprize of all the company, Frog was seized with a dead palsy in the tongue. John began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and hallowed in his ear. 'Let's come to the point. Nic. 'who wouldst thou have to be Lord Strutt? 'would thou have Philip Baboon?' Nic. shook his head, and said nothing. 'Wilt thou then 'have Esquire South to be Lord Strutt?' Nic. shook his head a second time. 'Then who the 'devil wilt thou have? say something or another.' Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue,

and

and cried, 'A, a, a, a!' which was as much as to say, he could not speak. John Bull]. 'Shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth, 'and accept of the composition that he offers, 'with the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds?' Then Nic. roared like a bull, 'O, o, o, o!' John Bull]. 'If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt 'thou take them thyself?' Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room. John Bull]. 'Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, 'Nic. and go about my business?' Then Nic. got up a glass, and drank to John, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint. John Bull]. 'I understand thee, 'Nic. but I shall make thee speak before I go.' Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *buck;* which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull]. 'I have 'done Nic. if thou wilt not speak, I'll make my 'own terms with old Lewis here.' Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to say, kiss ———

John perceiving that Frog would not speak, turns to old Lewis: 'Since we cannot make this 'obstinate fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend 'a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap.

'I am infinitely sorry, *quoth Lewis*, that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at

'cudgels

'cudgels the other day, a fellow has given me 'such a rap over the right-arm, that I am quite 'lame: I have loſt the uſe of my fore-finger and 'my thumb, ſo that I cannot hold my pen.'

J. Bull. 'That's all one, let me write for 'you.'

Lewis. 'But I have a misfortune, that I can-'not read any body's hand but my own.'

J. Bull. 'Try what you can do with your 'left-hand.'

Lewis. 'That's impoſſible; it will make ſuch 'a ſcrawl, that it will not be legible.'

As they were talking of this matter, in came Eſquire South *, all dreſſed up in feathers and ribbons, ſtark ſtaring mad, brandiſhing his ſword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, 'Room, room, boys, for the grand Eſquire of 'the world! the flower of Eſquires! What! 'covered in my preſence? I'll cruſh your ſouls, 'and crack you like lice!' With that he had like to have ſtruck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty ſtrong-fiſted, gave him ſuch a ſqueeze as made his eyes water. He went on ſtill in his mad pranks: 'When I am 'Lord of the univerſe, the ſun ſhall proſtrate 'and adore me! Thou, Frog, ſhalt be my bai-'liff; Lewis my tailor; and thou, John Bull, 'ſhalt be my fool!'

All this while Frog laughed in his ſleeve, gave

* The archduke was now become Emperor of Germany; being unanimouſly elected upon the death of Joſeph the Firſt.

the Esquire t'other noggan of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: 'Well, John, thou art got into rare 'company! One has a dumb devil, the other a 'mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. 'An honest man has a fine time on't among such 'rogues. What art thou asking of them, after 'all? Some mighty boon, one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own fire-side. 'Sdeath, 'what have I to do with such fellows! John 'Bull, after all his losses and crosses, can live 'better without them, than they can without 'him. Would to God I lived a thousand 'leagues off them! but the devil's in't, John Bull 'is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he 'can.'

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and old Lewis edging towards one another to whisper *; so that John was forced to sit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advised ohn to blood Frog under the tongue, or to take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emolient pultesses, others for opening his arm with an incision-knife.

* Some attempts of secret negociation between the French and the Dutch.

CHAP. XI*.

The apprehending, examination, and imprisonment of Jack, for suspicion of poisoning.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the story of Yan Ptschirnsooker's powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore, to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner, and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows.

* The receiving the holy sacrament, as administered by the church of England once at least in every year, having been made a necessary qualification for places of trust and profit, many of the Dissenters came to the altar, merely for this purpose. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the House, and rejected, under the title of *A bill to prevent occasional conformity*. But the Earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with the addition of such clauses as were said to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further security to the protestant succession, the Whigs, whose cause the Earl then appeared to espouse, were persuaded to concur; some, because they were indeed willing that the bill should pass; and others, because they believed the Earl of Oxford would at last procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the history of this transaction.

gallows. Jack was accuſed as the contriver of all the roguery *. And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a moſt inveterate ſpite againſt the old gentlewoman; and conſequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was ſuſpected to be at the bottom of it. If ſhe pricked her finger, Jack, to be ſure, laid the pin in the way; if ſome noiſe in the ſtreet diſturbed her reſt, who could it be but Jack in ſome of his nocturnal rambles? If a ſervant ran away, Jack had debauched him: Every idle tittle-tattle that went about, Jack was always ſuſpected for the author of it: However, all was nothing to this laſt affair, of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive, where-ever he could be found. The conſtables looked out for him in all his uſual haunts; but to no purpoſe. Where d'ye think they found him at laſt? even ſmoaking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried, with a vaſt mob at his heels, before the worſhipful Mr Juſtice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the priſoner † had been obſerved to lead a very diſſolute life, renouncing even his uſual hypocriſy, and pretences to ſobriety: That he frequented taverns

* All the misfortunes of the church charged upon the preſbyterian party.

† The manners of the diſſenters changed from their former ſtrictneſs.

and eating-houſes, and had been often guilty of drunkenneſs and gluttony at my Lord Mayor's table: That he had been ſeen in the company of lewd women: That he had transferred his uſual care of the engroſſed copy of his father's will, to bank bills, orders for tallies, and debentures *: Theſe he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be *meat* †, *drink, and cloth, the philoſopher's ſtone, and the univerſal medicine:* That he was ſo far from ſhewing his cuſtomary reverence to the *will*, that he kept company with thoſe that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery: That he not only ſat quietly, and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the diſcourſe, and hugged the authors as his boſom friends ‡: *That inſtead of aſking for blows* § *at the corners of the ſtreets*, he now beſtowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In ſhort, that he was grown a mere rake; and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his ſpite to John Bull's mother.

Another witneſs made oath, That Jack had been over-heard bragging of a trick ‖ he had found out, to manage the *old formal jade*, as he uſed to call her. 'Damn this numb-ſcull of 'mine, *quoth he*, that I could not light on it 'ſooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered 'coat,

* Dealing much in ſtock-jobbing.

† Tale of a Tub.

‡ Herding with deiſts and atheiſts.

§ Tale of a Tub.

‖ Getting into places, and church-preferments, by occaſional conformity.

'coat, I am ſo well known, that I am hunted a-
'way from the old woman's door by every bark-
'ing cur about the houſe; they bid me defiance.
'There's no doing miſchief as an open enemy; I
'muſt find ſome way or other of getting within
'doors, and then I ſhall have better opportunities
'of playing my pranks, beſides the benefit of
'good keeping.'

Two witneſſes ſwore *, that ſeveral years ago, there came to their miſtreſs's door, a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conſcience believe to be the very priſoner, reſembling him in ſhape, ſtature, and the features of his countenance: That the ſaid Timothy Trim, being taken into the family, clapped their miſtreſs's livery over his own tattered coat: That the ſaid Timothy was extremely officious about their miſtreſs's perſon, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to ſet her againſt the reſt of the ſervants: No-body was ſo ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt: That he uſed to ſhove and elbow his fellow-ſervants, to get near his miſtreſs, eſpecially when money was a paying or receiving; then he was never out of the way: That he was extremely diligent about every body's buſineſs, but his own: That the ſaid Timothy, while he was in the family, uſed to be playing roguiſh tricks; when his miſtreſs's back was

* Betraying the intereſts of the church, when got into preferments.

turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths and laugh at her, walking behind her like Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and geſtures; but if his miſtreſs looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: That he uſed often to trip up ſtairs ſo ſmoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: That he would pinch the children and ſervants, when he met them in the dark, ſo hard, that he left the print of his fore-finger and his thumb in black and blue, and then ſlink into a corner, as if nobody had done it. Out of the ſame malicious deſign, he uſed to lay chairs and joint-ſtools in their way, that they might break their noſes by falling over them: The more young and unexperienced he uſed to teach to talk ſaucily, and call names. During his ſtay in the family, there was ſo much plate miſſing: Being catched with a couple of ſilver ſpoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he ſaid he was only going to carry them to the goldſmith's to be mended: That the ſaid Timothy was hated by all the honeſt ſervants for his ill-conditioned, ſplenetic tricks, but eſpecially for his ſlanderous tongue; traducing them to their miſtreſs, as drunkards, thieves, and whore-maſters: That the ſaid Timothy, by lying ſtories, uſed to ſet all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day ſitting at table *, he ſpoke

* The original of the diſtinction in the names of Low-church-men and High-church-men.

ſpoke words to this effect: 'I am of opinion,' 'quoth he, that little ſhort fellows, ſuch as we 'are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall 'fellows: I wiſh it came to a fair trial; I believe 'theſe long fellows, as ſightly as they are, ſhould 'find their jackets well thwacked.'

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themſelves affronted by the diſcourſe, took up the quarrel, and to it they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues ſtill a faction in the family, to the great diſorder of our miſtreſs's affairs: The ſaid Timothy carried this frolic ſo far, that he propoſed to his miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhould entertain no ſervant that was above four foot ſeven inches high; and for that purpoſe had prepared a gauge, by which they were to be meaſured. The good old gentlewoman was not ſo ſimple as to go into his project; ſhe began to ſmell a rat. 'This Trim, *quoth he*, is an odd ſort of a fellow; 'methinks he makes a ſtrange figure with that 'ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his livery; cannot he go ſpruce and clean, like the 'reſt of the ſervants? The fellow has a roguiſh 'leer with him, which I do not like by any 'means; beſides, he has ſuch a twang in his 'diſcourſe, and an ungraceful way of ſpeaking 'through the noſe, that one can hardly under'ſtand him; I wiſh the fellow be not tainted 'with ſome bad diſeaſe.' The witneſſes farther made oath, that the ſaid Timothy lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unſeaſonable hours;

hours; and it was credibly reported, he did buſineſs in another family: That he pretended to have a ſqueamiſh ſtomach, and could not eat at table with the reſt of the ſervants, though this was but a pretence to provide ſome nice bit for himſelf; that he refuſed to dine upon ſalt-fiſh, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite diſh) in private; that for all his tender ſtomach, when he was got by himſelf, he could devour capons, turkeys, and ſirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witneſſes gave the following evidence: That in his officious attendance upon his miſtreſs, he had tried to ſlip a powder into her drink; and that he was once catched endeavouring to ſtifle her with a pillow as ſhe was aſleep: That he and Ptſchirnſooker were often in cloſe conference; and that they uſed to drink together at the Roſe, where it ſeems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

The priſoner had little to ſay in his defence: He endeavoured to prove himſelf *alibi;* ſo that the trial turned upon this ſingle queſtion, whether the ſaid Timothy Trim and Jack were the ſame perſon; which was proved by ſuch plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withſtanding the evidence; therefore the worſhipful Mr Juſtice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's friends came to viſit him in priſon, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had paſſed in the world for a poor, ſimple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were ſtrangely ſurpriſed to find him in ſuch a roguery; that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf under a falſe name, hire himſelf out for a ſervant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poiſon her. They ſaid, that it was more generous to profeſs open enmity, than, under a profound diſſimulation, to be guilty of ſuch a ſcandalous breach of truſt, and of the ſacred rights of hoſpitality. In ſhort, the action was univerſally condemned by his beſt friends: They told him, in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him; for his looſe life, his gluttony, drunkenneſs, and avarice, for laying aſide his father's *will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning ſtock-jobber, news-monger, and buſy-body; meddling with other people's affairs, ſhaking off his old ſerious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's ſworn enemies: That he had beſt throw himſelf upon the mercy of the court; repent, and change his manners. To ſay truth, Jack heard theſe diſcourſes with ſome compunction; however,

ever, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: They sent Habakkuk Slyboots *, who delivered him the following message, as the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

Habakkuk. Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune: Matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however we must make the best of a bad bargain: Thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that is certain; hang, draw, and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: Thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you *make as if you hanged yourself* †: They will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and

John

* Habakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who persuaded the dissenters to consent to the bill against *occasional conformity*, as being for their interest.

† Consent to the bill against *occasional conformity*.

John Bull, being buſied with his law-ſuit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean? make as if I hanged myſelf?

Hab. Nay, you muſt really hang yourſelf up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the reſt to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of ſome concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me; a rope and a nooſe are no jeſting matters!

Hab. Why ſo miſtruſtful? haſt thou ever found us falſe to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I preſume to aſk who it is, that is entruſted with ſo important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy who's and thy why's? *That's a ſecret.*

Jack. A ſecret, perhaps, that I may be ſafely truſted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no ſtrange thing for a man, before he hangs himſelf up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou ſuſpicious creature! if thou muſt needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger *: He has been in tears ever ſince thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it ſo, that he is to be in the

* It was given out, that the Earl of Oxford would oppoſe the occaſional bill, and ſo loſe his credit with the Tories; and the Diſſenters did believe he would not ſuffer it to paſs.

the next room; and before the rope is to be about thy neck, reſt ſatisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: Fear not, old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I muſt hang myſelf up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego: A fine ſtratagem indeed to ſave my life, that depends upon hanging; Don Diego, and Sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *myſtery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *policy;* if thou kneweſt what good this will do to the *common cauſe*, thy heart would leap for joy: I am ſure thou wouldſt not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to be the tune of *all for the better.* What's your cauſe to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not truſt thy friends, take what follows: Know aſſuredly, before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the moſt conſpicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging: They talk of impaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou chuſeſt that, before a gentle ſuſpending of thyſelf for one minute. Hanging is not ſo painful a thing as thou imagineſt. I have ſpoke with ſeveral, that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneaſineſs: Be ſure thou take good notice of the ſymptoms, the

relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or ſo: Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger ſhould not come; will my friends be there to ſuccour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing againſt to-morrow morning; do thou keep thy own ſecret; ſay nothing: I tell thee, it is abſolutely neceſſary for the common good, that thou ſhouldſt go through this operation.

CHAP. XIII.

How Jack hanged himſelf up by the perſuaſion of his friends, who broke their words, and left his neck in the nooſe.

JACK was a profeſſed enemy to *implicit faith*, and yet I dare ſay it was never more ſtrongly exerted, nor more baſely abuſed, than upon this occaſion. He was now with his old friends, in the ſtate of a poor diſbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded ſoldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning miniſter after the job is over; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in queſt of new game; or like a hundred ſuch things, that one ſees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchaſe of Diego's

friendſhip *, much good may it do them. The intereſt of Hocus and Sir William Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack abſolutely neceſſary. You may eaſily gueſs, that his reſt that night was but ſmall, and much diſturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his cuſtom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or ſinging a double verſe of a pſalm; but amuſed himſelf with diſpoſing of his bank-ſtock. Many a doubt, many a qualm, overſpread his clouded imagination: 'Muſt I then, *quoth he*, hang up my own perſonal, natural, individual ſelf, with theſe two 'hands? *Durus ſermo!* What if I ſhould be cut 'down, as my friends tell me? There is ſomething infamous in the very attempt; the world 'will conclude I had a guilty conſcience. Is it 'poſſible that good man, Sir Roger, can have ſo 'much pity upon an unfortunate ſcoundrel, that 'has perſecuted him ſo many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love favours that paſs through 'Don Diego's hands. On the other ſide, my 'blood chills about my heart at the thought of 'theſe rogues, with their bloody hands grabbling in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails: Hang it, for once I'll truſt my friends.' So Jack reſolved; but he had done more wiſely to have put himſelf upon the trial of his country, and

* The Earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the whigs, to bring in and carry this bill, one of the conditions of his engaging in their cauſe.

and made his defence in form: Many things happen between the cup and the lip; witneſſes might have been bribed, juries managed, or proſecution ſtopped. But ſo it was, Jack for this time had a ſufficient ſtock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the ſequel of the ſtory ſhews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to ſee it put in practice. Habakkuk brought him a ſmooth, ſtrong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholeſome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twiſted together, with a nooſe that ſlipt as glib as a bird-catcher's gin. Jack ſhrunk and grew pale at firſt ſight of it; he handled it, he meaſured it, ſtretched it, fixed it againſt the iron-bar of the window, to try its ſtrength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickneſs, and the twiſt; nay, the very colour did not pleaſe him. 'Will nothing leſs than hanging ſerve, *quoth* 'Jack?' Won't my enemies take bail for my 'good behaviour? Will they accept of a fine, 'or be ſatisfied with the pillory and impriſon-'ment, a good round whipping, or burning in 'the cheek?'

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appeaſe their rage; make haſte, elſe we ſhall be diſcovered. There's nothing like ſurpriſing the rogues: How they will be diſappointed, when they hear

that thou haſt prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own ſelf!

Jack. That's true; but what if I ſhould do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my ſtead? We are not ſo unlike, but it may paſs.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. Are you ſure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very ſharp knife, in caſe of the worſt?

Hab. Doſt take me for a common liar? Be ſatisfied, no damage can happen to your perſon; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my rope? It galls my neck ſtrangely: Beſides, I dont like this running knot, it holds too tight, I may be ſtifled all of a ſudden.

Hab. Thou haſt ſo many *if's* and *and's*; prithee diſpatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain ſettle ſome affairs, for fear of the worſt: Have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art ſuch a faintling, ſilly creature.

Jack. O thou moſt deteſtable, abominable *paſſive obedience!* Did I ever imagine, I ſhould become thy votary in ſo pregnant an inſtance? How will my brother Martin laugh at this ſtory, to ſee himſelf outdone in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No

No sooner had he uttered these words, but, like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity. 'Jack has hanged himself, *quoth* 'they! Let us go and see how the poor rogue 'swings.' Then they called Sir Roger. 'Sir 'Roger, *quoth Habakkuk*, Jack has hanged him-'self, make haste and cut him down.' Sir Roger turned first one ear, and then the other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you, Jack has hanged himself up.

Sir Roger. Who's hanged?

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it; the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he slunk away.

Then Jack's friends began to hunch and push one another, 'Why don't you go and cut the 'poor fellow down? Why don't you? And why 'don't you? Not I, *quoth one;* Not I, *quoth another;* Not I, *quoth a third;* he may hang till 'doomsday before I relieve him.' Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Pitschirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advised and justified before, *viz.* his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. 'This, gentle-'men, is the rope that hanged Jack; what must 'be done with it?' Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham-College *, and it is called *Jack's rope* to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest, supposing him to be dead, brought him in *non compos.*

CHAP.

* Since removed with the Royal Society into Crane-court in Fleet-street.

CHAP. XIV.

The conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing tranſactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the ſincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of Sir Roger.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for ſeveral years, to have juſtice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remiſſneſs of conſtables, juſtices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to eſcape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Conſider then, who is your beſt friend; he that would have brought him to condign puniſhment, or he that has ſaved him. By my perſuaſion Jack had hanged himſelf, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you that Sir Roger has done ſo?

D. Diego. You ſeem to receive me coldly; methinks my ſervices deſerve a better return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourſelf upon hanging this poor ſcoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging work, I'll ſend for thee: I have ſome better employment for Sir Roger: In the

the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the north country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family: I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth: Nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful physicians say, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

J. Bull. Those are quacks: My mother abhors such cannibals food: She is in perfect health at present; I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses *, that, because they believe I am tender hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up: 'Oh, Sir, 'your mother is taken extremely ill! she is fallen 'into a fainting fit! she has a great emptiness, 'wants sustenance!' This is only to recommend themselves for their great care: John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

CHAP.

* New clamours about the danger of the church.

CHAP. XV.

The sequel of the meeting at the Salutation *,

WHERE I think I left John Bull, sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and, by a cleanly conveyance under the table, to slip a short note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as slily put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these *billet doux* † of Nic.'s; wherein he found, that Nic. had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: 'Dear Lewis, thou seest 'clearly, that this blockhead can never bring 'his matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to-'night by ourselves at the Rose, and I'll give 'thee satisfaction.' Another was thus expressed; 'Friend Lewis, has thy sense quite forsaken 'thee, to make Bull such offers? Hold fast, 'part with nothing, and I will give thee a better 'bargain, I'll warrant thee.'

In

* At the congress of Utrecht.

† Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

In ſome of his billets he told Lewis, 'That 'John Bull was under his guardianſhip; that 'the beſt part of his ſervants were at his com-'mand; that he could have John gagged and 'bound whenever he pleaſed, by the people of 'his own family.' In all theſe epiſtles, block-head, dunce, aſs, coxcomb, were the beſt epi-thets he gave poor John. In others he threaten-ed, 'That he *, Eſquire South, and the reſt 'of the tradeſmen, would lay Lewis down up-'on his back, and beat out his teeth, if he did 'not retire immediately, and break up the meet-'ing.'

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good ſlap on the chaps; but he wiſely moderated his choleric tem-per. 'I ſaved this fellow, *quoth he*, from the 'gallows, when he ran away from his laſt ma-'ſter †, becauſe I thought he was harſhly treat-'ed; but the rogue was no ſooner ſafe under 'my protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, 'and ſteal like the devil ‡. When I firſt ſet 'him up in a warm houſe, he had hardly put 'up his ſign, when he began to debauch my beſt 'cuſtomers from me. Then it was his conſtant 'practice to rob my fiſh-ponds ‡, not only to 'feed

* Threatening that the Allies would carry on the war, with-out the help of the Engliſh.

† The King of Spain, whoſe yoke the Dutch threw off with the aſſiſtance of the Engliſh.

'feed his family, but to trade with the fiſhmon-
'gers: I connived at the fellow, till he began to
'tell me that they were his as much as mine. In
'my manor of Eaſtcheap ‡, becauſe it lay at ſome
'diſtance from my conſtant inſpection, he broke
'down my fences, robbed my orchards, and
'beat my ſervants. When I uſed to reprimand
'him for his tricks, he would talk ſaucily, lye,
'and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing
'amiſs. Will nothing cure thee of thy pranks,
'Nic. *quoth I?* I ſhall be forced ſome time or
'other to chaſtiſe thee. The rogue got up his
'cane, and threatened me, and was well thwack-
'ed for his pains. But I think his behaviour at
'this time worſt of all; after I have almoſt
'drowned myſelf to keep his head above water,
'he would leave me ſticking in the mud, truſt-
'ing to his goodneſs to help me out. After I
'have beggared myſelf with his troubleſome law-
'ſuit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty
'dudgeon, becauſe I have brought him here to
'end matters amicably, and becauſe I won't let
'him make me over by deed and indenture as
'his lawful cully; which, to my certain know-
'ledge, he has attempted ſeveral times. But,
'after all, canſt thou gather grapes from thorns?
'Nic. does not pretend to be a gentleman; he
'is a tradeſman, a ſelf-ſeeking wretch. But how
'cameſt

‡‡‡ Complaints againſt the Dutch for encroachment in trade, fiſhery, Eaſt Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on theſe accounts.

'cameſt thou to bear all this, John? The reaſon 'is plain; thou conferreſt the benefits, and he 'receives them; the firſt produces love, and 'the laſt ingratitude.' Ah! Nic. Nic. thou art 'a damned dog, that's certain: Thou knoweſt 'too well, that I will take care of thee; elſe 'thou wouldſt not uſe me thus. I won't give 'thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou 'ſhalt not ſell me, according to thy laudable 'cuſtom.' While John was deep in this ſoliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following proteſtation.

'GENTLEMEN,

'I believe, every body here at preſent will 'allow me to be a very juſt and diſintereſted perſon. My friend John Bull here is very angry 'with me, forſooth, becauſe I won't agree to 'his fooliſh bargains. Now, I declare to all 'mankind, I ſhould be ready to ſacrifice my 'own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his 'intereſts, and that of the honeſt *tradeſmen* * 'that are embarked with us, keeps me from 'entering into this compoſition. What ſhall 'become of thoſe poor creatures? The thought 'of their impending ruin diſturbs my night's 'reſt, therefore I deſire they may ſpeak for 'themſelves. If they are willing to give up this 'affair, I ſhan't make two words of it.'

* The Allies.

John Bull begged him to lay aſide that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the intereſt of thoſe tradeſmen had not ſate quite ſo heavy upon him ſome years ago on a like occaſion. Nic. anſwered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatſwain's whiſtle. Upon the firſt whiff, the *tradeſmen* came jumping into the room, and began to ſurround Lewis, like ſo many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to uſe a modeſter ſimile, like duns at a great Lord's levee, the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his ſleeve, another by the ſkirt, and a third hollowed in his ear: They began to aſk him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by ſtealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchaſe: Some aſked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches: All agreed in one common demand, that he ſhould be purged, ſweated, vomited, and ſtarved, till he came to a ſizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: One modeſtly aſked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fiſhmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furniſh the kitchen. John's ſiſter Peg only deſired, that he would let his ſervants ſing pſalms a Sundays. Some deſcended even to the aſking of old cloaths, ſhoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

'Monſieur Bull, *quoth Lewis*, you ſeem to be 'a man of ſome breeding; for God's ſake uſe

'your intereſt with theſe meſſieurs, that they 'would ſpeak but one at once; for if one had a 'hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, 'he cannot ſatisfy them all at this rate.' John begged they might proceed with ſome method; then they ſtopped all of a ſudden, and would not ſay a word. 'If this be your play, *quoth John*, 'that we may not be like a quaker's dumb meet-'ing, let us begin ſome diverſion: What d'ye 'think of rouly-pouly, or a country dance? 'What if we ſhould have a match at foot-ball? 'I am ſure we ſhall never end matters at this 'rate.'

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog ſettled their accompts.

John Bull. DURING this general ceſſation of talk, what if you and I, Nic. ſhould enquire how money-matters ſtand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was diſburſed.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at preſent; we'll ſettle it between ourſelves: Fair and ſquare, Nic. keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this law-ſuit, at one time, 36000 pounds and

and 40000 crowns: In ſome caſes I, in others you, bear the greateſt proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greateſt number, and you pay two thirds of the leſſer number: I think this is fair and ſquare, as you call it.

J. Bull. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36000 pounds are 24000 pounds for your ſhare, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000 crowns I pay 24000, which is two fifths; 24000 crowns make 6000 pounds; and 16000 crowns make 4000 pounds; 12000 and 6000 make 18000; and 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000 pounds to my ſhare of the expences, and 28000 to yours.

After Nic. had bamboozled John a while about the 18000 and 28000, John called for counters; but what with ſlight of hand, and taking from his own ſcore, and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own ſide.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend Nic. though I am not quite ſo nimble in the fingers, I underſtand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: And here I begin with the firſt. You muſt excuſe me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[*John reads.*]

For the *expences ordinary*, of the ſuits, fees, to judges, puny judges, lawyers, innumerable of all ſorts.

Of *extraordinaries*, as follows, *per* accompt:

To Esquire South's accompt, for *post terminums*
To *ditto*, for *non est factums* - - -
To *ditto*, for *noli prosequi's*, *discontinuance*, *and retraxit* - - -
For *writs of error* - - -
Suits of *conditions unperformed* - -
To Hocus, for *dedimus potestatem* -
To *ditto*, for *a capias ad computandum* -
To Frog's new tenants, *per* accompt to Hocus, for *audita querela's* - - -
On the said accompt, for *writs of ejectment* and *distringas* - - - -
To Esquire South's quota, for a return of a *non est invent* and *nulla habet bona* - -
To ——, for a pardon *in forma pauperis* -
To Jack, for a *melius inquirendum*, upon a *felo de se*
To coach-hire - - -
For treats to juries and witnesses - -

John having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance - - 3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket, and began to read:

Nicholas Frog's accompt.

Remains to be deducted out of the former accompt:
Paid by Nic. Frog, for his share of the *ordinary expences* of the suit - - - -

To

To Hocus, for entries of a *rege inconſulto* -
To John Bull's nephew, for a *venire facias*, the money not yet all laid out - -
To coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-ſuit - - - -
For the extraordinary expences of feeding my family during this law-ſuit - -
To Major Ab. - - -
To Major Will. - - -
And ſumming all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog, 09 04 06

J. Bull. As for your *venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonſuited, I'll take care of my nephew myſelf. Your *coach-hire*, and family charges, are moſt unreaſonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are thoſe two *Majors*, that conſume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honeſt gentlemen, I aſſure you, that have done me ſome ſervice. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes the greater *ability*, and Major Will. thy greater *willingneſs* to carry on this law-ſuit. It was but reaſonable that thou ſhouldſt pay both for thy *power* and thy *poſitiveneſs*.

J. Bull. I believe, I ſhall have thoſe two honeſt Majors diſcount on my ſide in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. O Hocus! Hocus! where art thou? It used to go another-guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy conscience, John?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh law-suit adds but little to thy expences; they are thy customers *; I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of any thing: Nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou getteſt more of my money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least, that thy accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I: I refer myself to these honest gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let Esquire South speak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-suit.

J. Bull. Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think, that John Bull will be tried by piepowders †? I tell you once for all; John

* The money spent in Holland and Flanders.

† Court of Piepowders *(curia pedis pulverizati)* is a court of record incident to every affair; whereof the steward is judge, and

John Bull knows where his ſhoe pinches: None of your Eſquires ſhall give him the law, as long as he wears this truſty weapon by his ſide, or has an inch of broad cloth in his ſhop.

Nic. Frog. Why, there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am ſorry thou diſcovereſt ſo much of thy head-ſtrong humour before theſe ſtrange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin ſome time or other: Let it never be ſaid, that the famous John Bull has departed in deſpite of court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic. to turn barreter in thy old days; a ſtirrer up of quarrels amongſt thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic. ſome time or other thou wilt repent this.

But John ſaw clearly, he ſhould have nothing but wrangling, and that he ſhould have as little ſucceſs in ſettling his accompts, as ending the compoſition. 'Since they will needs overload 'my ſhoulders, *quoth John*, I ſhall throw down 'the burden with a ſquaſh amongſt them, take 'it up who dares; a man has a fine time of it 'amongſt a combination of ſharpers, that vouch 'for one another's honeſty. John, look to 'thyſelf; old Lewis makes reaſonable offers; 'when thou haſt ſpent the ſmall pittance that is left,

and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is ſo called, becauſe it is moſt uſual in the ſummer, and becauſe of the expedition in hearing cauſes; for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard, and determined, the ſame day, that is, before the duſt goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

'left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when 'thou art brought to live upon Nic. Frog and 'Esquire South's generosity and gratitude: If 'they use thee thus, when they want thee, 'what will they do when thou wantest them? 'I say again, John, look to thyself.'

JOHN wisely stifled his resentments, and told the company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.

All. Law! law! Sir, by all means *. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a law-suit? For the love of God, more law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands; how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while, farewell.

CHAP. XVII.

How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home *.

NIC. Frog, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to

* Clamours for continuing the war.
† Clamours about the danger of the succession.

to traverſe this new project, and to make him uneaſy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded moſt of his ſervants into the moſt extravagant conceits in the world; that their maſter was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poiſon in the other; that he had ſold his wife and children to Lewis, diſinherited his heir, and was going to ſettle his eſtate upon a *pariſh-boy*; that if they did not look after their maſter, he would do ſome very miſchievous thing. When John came home, he found a more ſurprizing ſcene than any he had yet met with, and that you will ſay was ſomewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to beſpeak his dinner: Betty told him, 'That ſhe begged his par-'don, ſhe could not dreſs dinner, till ſhe knew 'what he intended to do with his will.' 'Why 'Betty, *quoth John*, thou art not run mad, art 'thou? My will at preſent is to have dinner.' 'That may be, *quoth Betty*; but my conſcience 'won't allow me to dreſs, till I know whether 'you intend to do righteous things by your 'heir.' 'I am ſorry for that, Betty, *quoth John*, 'I muſt find ſome body elſe then.' Then he called John the barber. 'Before I begin, '*quoth John*, I hope your honour won't be 'offended, if I aſk you whether you intend to 'alter your will? If you won't give me a poſi-'tive anſwer, your beard may grow down to 'your middle, for me.' 'Igad, ſo it ſhall, '*quoth Bull*, for I will never truſt my throat in 'ſuch

'such a mad fellow's hands.' Where's Dick the butler? 'Look ye, *quoth Dick*, I am very 'willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see; 'but there are strange reports, and plain-dealing is best, d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you 'intend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. 'Frog is still your executor, d'ye see; if you 'will not satisfy me to these points, you may 'drink with the ducks.' 'And so I will, *quoth* '*John*, rather than keep a butler that loves my 'heir better than myself.' Hob the shoe-maker, and Pricket the taylor, told him, 'They would 'most willingly serve him in their several stations, 'if he would promise them never to talk with 'Lewis Baboon, and let Nicholas Frog linen-'draper manage his concerns; that they could 'neither make shoes nor cloaths to any, that 'were not in good correspondence with their 'worthy friend Nicholas.'

J. Bull. Call Andrew my journey-man. How goes affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Just as other dead folks do, Andrew. ——This is amazing! [*Aside.*

Andrew. I mean, if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Thou meaneſt, that I ſhould put him in poſſeſſion; for I can make it no ſurer without that, he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed poſſeſſion, as you ſay, would make it much ſurer; they ſay, it is eleven points of the law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all enchanted; he enquired about the age of the moon; if Nic. had not given them ſome intoxicating *potion*, or if old mother Jeniſa was ſtill alive? 'No, o'my faith, *quoth Harry*, I believe 'there is no *potion* in the caſe, but a little *aurum* '*potabile*. You will have more of this by and 'by.' He had ſcarce ſpoke the word, when another friend of John's accoſted him after the following manner:

'Since thoſe worthy perſons, who are as 'much concerned for your ſafety as I am, have 'employed me as their orator, I deſire to know 'whether you will have it by way of *ſyllogiſm*, '*enthymem*, *dilemma*, or *ſorites*.'

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have *ſorites* by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all who are verſed in hiſtory, that there were two *ſiſters* that played the whore two thouſand years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourſe with Lewis Baboon: If it is not lawful for John Bull to have

have any manner of intercourſe, (correſpondence, if you will, that is much the ſame thing), then, *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the ſaid John to make over his wife and children to the ſaid Lewis: If his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratſbane in his pockets: If he wears a dagger and ratſbane, it muſt be to do miſchief, to himſelf, or ſome body elſe: If he intends to do miſchief, he ought to be under guardians; and there is none ſo fit as myſelf, and ſome other worthy perſons, who have a commiſſion for that purpoſe from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and teſtament.

J. Bull. And this is your *ſorites*, you ſay, ——With that he ſnatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandiſh it; then happy was the man that was firſt at the door: Crouding to get out, they tumbled down ſtairs; and, it is credibly reported, ſome of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

'That any of theſe rogues, *quoth John*, ſhould 'imagine, I am not as much concerned as they 'about having my affairs in a ſettled condition, 'or that I would wrong my heir for I know not 'what! Well, Nic. I really cannot but applaud 'thy diligence: I muſt own this is really a pretty 'ſort of a trick; but it ſhan't do thy buſineſs for 'all that.'

CHAP. XVIII.

How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.*

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphrey himself, but by another very able *pen* of the university of Grub-street.

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind, to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way. He began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a foot-ball, or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: His

* Private negociations about Dunkirk.

ſervant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to ſpeak with him. John had got an impreſſion, that Lewis was ſo deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himſelf alone with him: At laſt he took heart of grace; 'Let him come up, *quoth he*, it is but 'ſticking to my point, and he can never over-'reach me.'

Lewis Baboon. Monſieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been ſomewhat uncivil; and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with uſage accordingly. I was fond of back-ſword and cudgel-play from my youth, and now I bear in my body many a black and blue gaſh and ſcar, God knows. I had as good a ware-houſe, and as fair poſſeſſions, as any of my neighbours, though I ſay it; but a contentious temper, flattering ſervants, and unfortunate ſtars, have brought me into circumſtances that are not unknown to you. Theſe my misfortunes are heightened by domeſtic calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: But, alas! I ſee but ſmall hopes of that, for every new circumſtance affords an argument to my enemies to purſue their revenge. Formerly I was to be banged, becauſe I was too ſtrong; and now, becauſe I am too weak to reſiſt; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppreſſed when too poor. Nic. Frog has uſed me like a

ſcoundrel;

ſcoundrel; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myſelf in your hands, to diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Maſter Baboon, as to your uſage of your neighbours, you had beſt not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it ſuffice at preſent, that you have been met with: You have been rolling a great ſtone up hill all your life, and at laſt it has come tumbling down till it is like to cruſh you to pieces: Plain-dealing is beſt. If you have any particular mark, Mr Baboon, whereby one may know when you lib, and when you ſpeak truth, you had beſt tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but ſince at preſent I know of none ſuch, it is better that you ſhould truſt me, than that I ſhould truſt you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongſt us tradeſmen, but intereſt; and it is manifeſtly mine, not to deceive you at this time; you may ſafely truſt me, I can aſſure you.

J. Bull. The truſt I give is in ſhort this: I muſt have ſomething in hand, before I make the bargain, and the reſt before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To ſhew you I deal fairly, name your ſomething.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou canſt gueſs.

L. Baboon. Eccleſdown caſtle *, I'll warrant you, becauſe it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you ſhall have it.

* Dunkirk.

J. Bull. I ſhall have it to m' own ſelf?

L. Baboon. To thy n' own ſelf.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Eccleſdown-caſtle, you ſay!

L. Baboon. Juſt ſo.

J. Bull. Every ſingle ſtone of Eccleſdown-caſtle, to m' own ſelf, ſpeedily!

L. Baboon. When you pleaſe; what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, haſt thou laid aſide all thy *equivocals* and *mentals* in this caſe?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; ſeeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talkeſt to the purpoſe; let us ſhake hands, old boy. Let me aſk thee one queſtion more; what haſt thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family? to diſpoſe of my eſtate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Juſt as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my intereſt was concerned in the other: But let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Maſter Bull, or you a Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I muſt have ſecurity, that I ſhall carry my broad cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you ſhall: Eccleſdown-caſtle! Eccleſdown! remember that: Why wouldſt thou not

not take it, when it was offered thee ſome years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, becauſe they told me thou would'ſt not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monſieur Bull be ſo groſly abuſed by downright nonſenſe? They that adviſed you to refuſe, muſt have believed I intended to give, elſe why would they not make the experiment? But I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at preſent.

J. Bull. But what ſay'ſt thou as to the Eſquire Nic. Frog, and the reſt of the tradeſmen? I muſt take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou haſt but ſmall obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge: He has not uſed me like a gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony; he is clowniſh, as a man may ſay: Belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by preſcription: But, however, we are engaged in one common cauſe, and I muſt look after him.

L. Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the reſt of the plaintiffs in this law-ſuit, I will refer to your juſtice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-suit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned, to recover his bubble: Amongst other artifices, he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

DEAR FRIEND, *

'WHEN I considered the late ill usage I 'have met with from you, I was reflecting, what it was that could provoke you to it; 'but upon a narrow inspection into my conduct, 'I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but 'too partial a concern for your interest. You 'no sooner set this composition a-foot, but I was 'ready to comply, and prevented your very 'wishes; and the affair might have been ended 'before now, had it not been for the greater concerns

* Substance of the States' letter.

'concerns of Esquire South, and the other poor 'creatures embarked in the same common cause, 'whose safety touches me to the quick. You 'seemed a little jealous, that I had dealt unfairly 'with you in money matters, 'till it appeared by 'your accounts, that there was something due to 'me upon balance. Having nothing to answer to 'so plain a demonstration, you began to com-'plain, as if I had been familiar with your repu-'tation; when it is well known, not only I, but 'the meanest servants in my family, talk of you 'with the utmost respect. I have always, as far as 'in me lies, exhorted your servants and tenants 'to be dutiful; not that I any way meddle in 'your domestic affairs, which were very unbecom-'ing for me to do. If some of your servants ex-'press their great concern for you in a manner 'that is so very polite, you ought to impute it to 'their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a re-'ward, rather than a reproof. You cannot re-'proach me for want of success at the Salutation, 'since I am not master of the passions and inte-'rests of other folks. I have beggared myself 'with this law-suit, undertaken merely in com-'plaisance to you; and if you would have had 'but a little patience, I had still greater things in 'reserve, that I intended to have done for you. 'I hope what I have said will prevail with you 'to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies, and 'that we may have no more meetings at the Sa-'lutation, spending our time and money to no

'purpose.

'purpoſe. My concern for your welfare and pro-'ſperity, almoſt makes me mad. You may be aſ-'ſured, I will continue to be

'Your affectionate

'Friend and ſervant,

NIC. FROG.'

John received this with a good deal of *ſang froid: Tranſeat*, quoth John, *cum cæteris erroribus*. He was now at eaſe; he ſaw he could now make a very good bargain for himſelf, and a very ſafe one for other folks. "My ſhirt, *quoth he*, is near 'me, but my ſkin is nearer: Whilſt I take care of 'the welfare of other folks, no body can blame 'me to apply a little balſam to my own ſores. It 'is a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his 'own buſineſs; a man has ſuch a tender concern 'for himſelf, there's nothing like it. This is ſome-'thing better, I trow, than for John Bull to be 'ſtanding in the market, like a great dray-horſe, 'with Frog's paws upon his head.—*What will 'you give me for this beaſt?* Serviteur Nic. Frog, 'you may kiſs my backſide, if you pleaſe. 'Though John Bull has not read your Ariſtotle's, 'Plato's, and Machiavel's, he can ſee as far into 'a mill-ſtone as another.' With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burſt his ſides.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

*The discourse * that passed between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.*

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into Eccleſdown-caſtle. He repairs to the Salutation, with a deſign to break the matter gently to his partners: Before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the Eſquire, in a very pleaſant conference.

Eſq. South. Oh the ingratitude and injuſtice of mankind! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendſhip and protection ſo long, ſhould flinch at laſt, and pretend that he can diſburſe no more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his ſneaking temper, ſhould be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your worſhip, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue ſhould be compelled to his duty.

Eſq. South. That he ſhould prefer his ſcandalous pelf, the duſt and dregs of the earth, to the proſperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay he is miſtaken there too; for he would quickly lick himſelf whole again by his vails.

* Negociations between the Emperor and the Dutch, for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

vails. It is ſtrange he ſhould prefer Philip Baboon's cuſtom to Eſquire South's.

Eſq. South. As you ſay, that my clothier, that is to get ſo much by the purchaſe, ſhould refuſe to put me in poſſeſſion; did you ever know any man's tradeſman ſerve him ſo before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't pleaſe your worſhip; it is a very unuſual proceeding: And I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great ſtock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it ſo well as you do.

Eſq. South. It is moſt intolerable, that's certain, Nic.; and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is ſtrange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your honour's part, conſidering how good and gentle a maſter you are.

Eſq. South. True, Nic.; but few are ſenſible of merit in this world: It is a great comfort, to have ſo faithful a friend as thyſelf in ſo critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world ſhould forſake you, be aſſured Nic. Frog never will; let us ſtick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Eſq. South. Let me kiſs thee, dear Nic. I have found one honeſt man among a thouſand at laſt.

Nic. Frog. If it were poſſible, your honour has it in your power to wed me ſtill cloſer to your intereſt.

Eſq.

Esq. South. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my leaſe and an inheritance is ſuch a trifle, as I am ſure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; beſides it will make Bull as mad as the devil: You and I ſhall be able to manage him then to ſome purpoſe.

Esq. South. Say no more, it ſhall be done, Nic. to thy heart's content.

JOHN all this while was liſtening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his ſleeve at the pride and ſimplicity of the Eſquire, and the ſly roguery of his friend Nic. Then, of a ſudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reaſonable terms, if they would pleaſe to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, 'No compoſition! long live Eſquire South and the law!' As John was going to proceed, ſome roared, ſome ſtamped with their feet, others ſtopt their ears with their fingers.

Nay, gentlemen, *quoth John*, if you will but ſtop proceeding for a while, you ſhall judge yourſelves whether Lewis's propoſals * are reaſonable.

All. Very fine indeed! ſtop proceeding, and ſo loſe a term!

J. Bull. Not ſo neither; we have ſomething by way of advance, he will put us in poſſeſſion of his manor and caſtle of Eccleſdown.

Nic.

* Propoſals for ceſſation of arms, and delivery of Dunkirk.

Nic. Frog. What doſt thou talk of *us?* thou meaneſt *thyſelf.*

J. Bull. When Frog took poſſeſſion of any thing, it was always ſaid to be for *us;* and why may not John Bull be *us,* as well as Nic. Frog was *us?* I hope John Bull is no more confined to ſingularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it ſo, the conſtant doctrine that thou haſt preached up for many years, was, that thou and I are one; and why muſt we be ſuppoſed two in this caſe, that were always one before? It is impoſſible that thou and I can fall out, Nic. we muſt truſt one another; I have truſted thee with a great many things, prithee truſt me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main; but there is ſome *ſpecially* in this caſe, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both.*

J. Bull. Thoſe are your jealouſies, that the common enemies ſow between us: How often haſt thou warned me of thoſe rogues, Nic. that would make us miſtruſtful of one another?

Nic. Frog. This Eccleſdown-caſtle is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it ſo, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you conſider the unwholeſomeneſs of the air and ſoil, the expences of reparations and ſervants, I would ſcorn to accept of ſuch a quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, Nic.; but in my circumſtances, I muſt be even content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really ſo ſilly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact. I ſtand and fall by that. I am reſolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And ſo relinquiſh the hopefulleſt cauſe in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchaſe it, Nic.? Thou ſhalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we ſhould differ, I'll give thee ſomething to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldſt but moderate that haſty, impatient temper of thine, thou ſhouldſt quickly ſee a better thing than all that. What ſhouldſt thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal eſtates, and the manſion-houſe of Clay-pool *? Would not that do thy heart good, to ſee thy old friend Nic. Frog, Lord of Clay-pool? Then thou and thy wife and children ſhould walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we ſhould have a country-dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve ſee myſelf in Eccleſdown-caſtle, as thee in Clay-pool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his ſincerity; if you won't ſtop proceeding to hear him, I will.

* Clay-pool, Paris. Lutetia.

CHAP. XXI.

*The reſt of Nic.'s fetches *, to keep John out of Eccleſdown-caſtle.*

WHEN Nic. could not diſſuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity: He pretended to be ſick and like to die; that he ſhould leave his wife and children in a ſtarving condition, if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far leſs capable to look after ſuch a troubleſome buſineſs as this law-ſuit; and therefore begged, that his good-friend would not leave him. When he ſaw that John was ſtill inexorable, he pulled out a caſe-knife, with which he uſed to ſnicker-ſnee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his windpipe, with a moſt determined threatening air. 'What ſignifies life, 'quoth he, in this languiſhing condition? It will 'be ſome pleaſure, that my friends will revenge 'my death upon this barbarous man, that has 'been the cauſe of it.' All this while John looked ſedate and calm, neither offering in the leaſt to ſnatch the knife, nor ſtop his blow, truſting to the tenderneſs Nic. had for his own perſon: When

* Attempts to hinder the ceſſation, and taking poſſeſſion of Dunkirk.

When he perceived, that John was immoveable in his purpoſe, he applied himſelf to Lewis.

'Art thou, *quoth he*, turned bubble in thy 'old age, from being a ſharper in thy youth? 'What occaſion haſt thou to give up Eccleſ-'down-caſtle to John Bull? His friendſhip is not 'worth a ruſh; give it me, and I'll make it 'worth thy while. If thou diſlikeſt that pro-'poſition, keep it thyſelf. I'd rather thou ſhouldſt 'have it than he. If thou hearkeneſt not to my 'advice, take what follows; Eſquire South and 'I will go on with our law-ſuit, in ſpite of John 'Bull's teeth.'

L. Baboon. Monſieur Bull has uſed me like a gentleman; and I am reſolved to make good my promiſe, and truſt him for the conſequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool.—With that, Nic. bounced up with a ſpring equal to that of one of your nimbleſt tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John Bull, to ſnatch the *cudgel he had in his hand* *, that he might thwack Lewis with it: John held it faſt, ſo that there was no wrenching it from him: At laſt 'Squire South buckled too, to aſſiſt his friend Nic. John haled on one ſide, and the two on the other; ſometimes they were like to pull John over; then it went all of a ſudden again on John's ſide: So they went ſee-ſawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glaſ-

* The Army.

ſes, and tobacco-pipes: The wine and the tobacco were all ſpilt about the room, and the little fellows were almoſt trod under foot; till more of the tradeſmen joining with Nic. and the 'Squire, John was hardly able to pull againſt them all, yet would he never quit hold of his truſty cudgel; which, by the contrary force of two ſo great powers, broke ſhort in his hands *. Nic. ſeized the longer end, and with it began to baſtinado old Lewis, who had ſlunk into a corner, waiting the event of this ſquabble. Nic. came up to him with an inſolent menacing air, ſo that the old fellow was forced to ſkuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to Nic. 'Thou inſolent jackanapes! 'Time was when thou durſt not have uſed me 'ſo: Thou now takeſt me unprovided; but, old 'and infirm as I am, I ſhall find a weapon by 'and by to chaſtiſe thy impudence.'

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parly with Nic. 'Friend Nic. I am 'glad to find thee ſo ſtrong after thy great com-'plaints: Really thy motions, Nic. are pretty 'vigorous for a conſumptive man. As for thy 'worldly affairs, Nic. if it can do thee any ſer-'vice, I freely make over to thee this *profitable* '*law-ſuit*, and I deſire all theſe gentlemen to 'bear witneſs to this my act and deed. Yours 'be all the gain, as mine has been the charges; 'I have brought it to bear finely: However, all 'I

* The ſeparation of the army.

'I have laid out upon it goes for nothing; thou 'shalt have it with all its appurtenances, I ask 'nothing but leave to go home.'

Nic. Frog. The counsel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial; thou shalt be forced to stand the issue: It shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: Go home if thou canst, the gates are shut, the turnpikes locked *, and the roads barricadoed.

J. Bull. Even these very ways, Nic. that thou toldest me, were as open to me as thyself: If I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds that I have purchased with my own money: However, I am glad I have made the experiment; it may serve me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of Eccleſdown, that nothing could vex him. 'Nic. *quoth he*, I am just 'a-going to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me 'at parting.'

NIC. looked sour and grum, and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull. 'I wish thee all the success that thy 'heart can desire, that these honest gentlemen of 'the long robe may have their belly full of law.'

NIC. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

* Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk.

J. Bull. 'B'uy, b'uy, Nic. not one poor ſmile at 'parting; won't you ſhake your day-day, Nic. 'b'uy Nic.' With that John marched out of the common road, croſs the country, to take poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown.

CHAP. XXII.

*Of the great joy that John expreſſed when he got poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown *.*

WHEN John had got into his caſtle, he ſeemed like Ulyſſes upon his plank, after he had been well ſouſed in ſalt-water; who, as Homer ſays, was as glad as a judge going to ſit down to dinner, after hearing a long cauſe upon the bench. I dare ſay John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he ſkipped from room to room; ran up ſtairs and down ſtairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; ſometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vaſt ſolidity of the maſon's work; at other times he commended the ſymmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens: He bathed himſelf in the canal, ſwimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like

* Dunkirk.

like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the spritely violin, and the martial hautboy. The family trip it about, and capered, like *hail-stones bounding from a marble floor.* Wine, Ale, and October, flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: Then a frolick took John in the head, to call up some of Nic. Frog's *pensioners*, that had been so mutinous in his family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your master in Eccleſdown-castle?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me, that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull. Now, hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however, take this bumper of October to your master's health.

Then John got upon the battlements, and, looking over, he called to Nic. Frog:

'How d'ye do, Nic.? D'ye see where I am, 'Nic.? I hope the *cause* goes on swimmingly, 'Nic. When dost thou intend to go to Clay-'pool, Nic.? Wilt thou buy there some high 'heads of the newest cut for my daughters? 'How comest thou to go with thy arm tied up? 'Has old Lewis given thee a rap over thy fin-'gers-ends? Thy weapon was a good one, when 'I wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my 'hands.

'hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods, 'that I have no time to talk with thee any long-'er. It would do thy heart good to see what 'waggon-loads I am preparing for market. If 'thou wantest any good office of mine, for all 'that has happened, I will use thee well, Nic. 'B'uy, Nic.'

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been disputed amongst the Literati of Grub-street, whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther into the history of John Bull. By diligent enquiry, we have found the titles of some chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow:

Chap. I. *How John was made angry with the* articles of agreement. *How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs and down stairs, and put himself in great heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How, in his passion, he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with* a cleaver. *Of the strange manner of Sir Roger's escaping the blow, by* laying his head upon the dresser.

Chap. III. *How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap.

Chap. IV. *Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve the peace amongst his neighbours. How he kept a pair of* still-yards, *to weigh them; and, by diet purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to* equal bulk *and* strength.

Chap. V. *Of false accounts of the* weights *given in by some of the* journeymen; *and of the New-market tricks, that were practised at the* still-yards.

Chap. VI. *How John's new journeymen brought him other-guise accounts of the* still-yards.

Chap. VII. *How Sir Swain Narthy* * *was, by bleeding, purging, and a steel diet, brought into a* consumption; *and how John was forced afterwards to give him the* gold cordial.

Chap. VIII. *How Peter Bear* † *was* over-fed, *and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physic.*

Chap. IX. *How John pampered Esquire South with the tit-bits, till he grew wanton: How he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef; and how John carried him thither in his barge.*

Chap. X. *How the Esquire, from a foul feeder, grew dainty: how he longed for* mangoes, spices, *and* Indian birds-nests, *&c. and could not* sleep *but in a Chintz bed.*

Chap. XI. *The Esquire turned tradesman; how he set up a China-shop* ‡ *over-against Nic. Frog.*

Chap.

* King of Sweden. † Czar of Muscovy.
‡ The Ostend Company.

Chap. XII. *How he procured Spaniſh flies to bliſter his neighbours, and as a provocative to himſelf. As likewiſe, how he raviſhed Nic. Frog's favourite* daughter.

Chap. XIII. *How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl ſqueak, went to call John Bull as a conſtable: Calling of a conſtable no preventive of a rape.*

Chap. XIV. *How John roſe out of his bed in a cold morning, to prevent the duel between Eſquire South and Lord Strutt. How, to his great ſurprize, he found the combatants drinking Geneva in a* Brandy-ſhop, *with Nic.'s favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, ſo that he was forced to fight his way out.*

Chap. XV. *How John came with his conſtable's ſtaff, to reſcue Nic.'s daughter, and break the Eſquire's China-ware.*

Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spaniſh proverb,* Time and I againſt any two; *or, Advice to dogmatical politicians exemplified in ſome new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*

Chap. XVII. *A diſcourſe of the delightful game of* quadrille. *How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game* ſolo *in clubs, and was beaſted. How John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner ſhould have too many tricks: And how the ſucceſs and ſkill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

PRO-

PROPOSALS for printing a very curious discourse, intituled, ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ; or, THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the press, a curious piece, intituled, Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, *The Art of Political Lying:* Consisting of two volumes in *quarto.*

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That if the author meets with suitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the first volume to the subscribers by Hilary Term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the subscribers, fourteen shillings; seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other seven at the delivery of the second volume.

III. Those that subscribe for six, shall have a seventh *gratis;* which reduces the price to less than six shillings a volume.

IV. That the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the *manuscript.*

THE

THE ART OF

POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes ſome very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and ſciences: That at firſt they conſiſt of ſcattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongſt the maſters, and only revealed to the *filii artis*, till ſuch time as ſome great genius appears, who collects theſe disjointed propoſitions, and reduces them into a regular ſyſtem. That this is the caſe of that noble and uſeful art of *political lying*, which, in this laſt age, having been enriched with ſeveral *new diſcoveries*, ought not to lie any longer in rubbiſh and confuſion, but may juſtly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, eſpecially ſuch as ſerves for a model of education for an able politician. That he propoſes to himſelf no ſmall ſtock of fame in future ages, in being the firſt who has undertaken this deſign; and, for the ſame reaſon, he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excuſed. He invites all perſons who have any talents that way, or any new diſcovery, to communicate their thoughts, aſſuring them that honourable mention ſhall be made of them in his work.

The first volume consists of eleven chapters.

In the *first* chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the *soul of man*, and those qualities which render it susceptible of *lyes*. He supposes the soul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical speculum*, or looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptrics, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true; but the cylindrical side, being much the *larger surface*, takes in a *greater compass* of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the soul of man, depends the whole art and success of *political lying*. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reason upon the qualities of the mind; as, its peculiar fondness of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the soul towards the *malicious*, springs from self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The design of the *miraculous*, proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having established the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *second* chapter, to treat of the *nature* of *political lying*; which he defines to be, *the art of*

convincing the people of salutary falshoods, for some good end. He calls it an *art*, to distinguish it from that of telling truth, which does not seem to want *art*; but then he would have this understood only as to the *invention*, because there is indeed more *art* necessary to convince the people of a *salutary* truth, than a *salutary* falshood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *salutary* falsehoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war so long, without several of those *salutary* falshoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *political lye*, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By *good*, he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile*, *dulce*, *et honestum*. He shews you, that there are *political lyes* of a mixed nature, which include all the *three* in different respects: That the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange; the *dulce*, and *honestum*, at the Westminster end of the town. One man spreads a lye, to sell or buy *stock* to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his *party*; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his *revenge*. Having explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *third* chapter, to treat of the *lawfulness of political lying*; which he deduces from its true

and

and genuine principles, by enquiring into the ſeveral rights that mankind have to *truth*. He ſhews, that people have a right to *private truth* from their neighbours; and *œconomical truth* from their own family, that they ſhould not be abuſed by their wives, children, and ſervants: But that they have no right at all to *political truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and poſſeſs great eſtates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author, with great judgment, ſtates the *ſeveral ſhares* of mankind, in this matter of truth, according to their ſeveral capacities, dignities, and profeſſions; and ſhews you, that children have hardly any ſhare at all; in conſequence of which, they have very ſeldom any truth told them. It muſt be owned, that the author, in this chapter, has ſome ſeeming difficulties to anſwer, and *texts of ſcripture* to explain.

The *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this queſtion, *Whether the right of coinage of political lyes be wholly in the government?* The author, who is a true friend to Engliſh liberty, determines in the negative, and anſwers all the arguments of the oppoſite party with great acuteneſs: That, as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, ſo the right of inventing and ſpreading *political lyes*, is partly in the *people*; and their obſtinate adherence to this juſt privilege, has been moſt conſpicuous, and ſhined with great luſtre of late years: That it happens very often, that there

are no other means left to the good people of England, to pull down a miniſtry and government they are weary of, but by exerciſing this their undoubted right: That abundance of *political lying* is a ſure ſign of true Engliſh *liberty*: That as miniſters do ſometimes uſe tools to ſupport their power, it is but reaſonable that the people ſhould employ the ſame weapon, to defend themſelves, and pull them down.

In his *fifth* chapter, he divides *political lyes* into ſeveral *ſpecies* and *claſſes*, and gives precepts about the *inventing*, *ſpreading*, and *propagating* the ſeveral ſorts of them. He begins with the *rumores*, and *libella famoſa*, ſuch as concern the reputation of men in power; where he finds fault with the common miſtake, that takes notice only of one ſort, *viz.* the *detractory* or *defamatory*; whereas in truth there are three ſorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *tranſlatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger ſhare of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to ſerve ſome good end or purpoſe. The *detractory* or *defamatory*, is a lye which takes from a great man the reputation that juſtly belongs to him, for fear he ſhould uſe it to the detriment of the public. The *tranſlatory*, is a lye that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himſelf more deſerving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action, from the true author, to a perſon who is in himſelf leſs deſerving. He gives ſeveral inſtances of very great ſtrokes in all the three kinds; eſpecially

eſpecially in the laſt, when it was neceſſary for the good of the public, to *beſtow the valour and conduct of* one *man upon* another, *and that of* many *to* one *man;* nay, even, upon a good occaſion *, a man may be robbed of his victory, by a perſon that did not command in the action. The reſtoring and deſtroying the public, may be aſcribed to perſons who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners, to exerciſe themſelves in the *tranſlatory;* becauſe the *exiſtence* of the things themſelves being viſible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a *falſe author*, or a *falſe cauſe;* which is no great preſumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the ſecret ſprings of things are for the moſt part unknown.

* Major General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French, near Wynendale, in the year 1708. He was ſent with 6000 of the confederate troops, to guard a great convoy to the allied army beſieging Liſle: Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24000 men to intercept them; but Major General Webb diſpoſed his men with ſuch admirable ſkill, that notwithſtanding the vaſt ſuperiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and diſpoſition, the French were driven back in two or three ſucceſſive attempts, and, after having loſt 6 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may juſtly be reckoned amongſt the greateſt actions of that war: But the Duke of Marlborough's ſecretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to General Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was ſo reſented by General Webb, that he left the army in diſguſt; and coming into England to do himſelf juſtice, received the unanimous thanks of the Houſe of Commons, for his eminent ſervices by that great action; which was alſo acknowledged in a diſtinguiſhing manner by the King of Pruſſia, who beſtowed on him *the order of generoſity*. Hawkeſ-

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the *additory:* That when one ascribes any thing to a person which does not belong to him, the lye ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities. For example, one would not make the French king present at a protestant conventicle; nor, like Queen Elizabeth, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their *quota.* One would not make the same person zealous for a standing army, and public liberty; nor an atheist support the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb, forward for a scheme of moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it should not be done at first *in extremo gradu.* For example, they should not make a covetous man give away, all at once, five thousand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude, to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person, who is capable still to do him another. A man whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of

some

ſome ſquabble, or throwing a bottle at his adverſary's head.

It will not be allowed, to make a great man, that is a known deſpiſer of religion, ſpend whole days in his cloſet at his devotion; but you may with ſafety make him ſit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a juſt debt, ought not all of a ſudden to be introduced, making reſtitution to thouſands he has cheated; let it ſuffice at firſt to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has loſt his note.

He lays down the ſame rules in the *detractory* or *defamatory* kind; that they ſhould not be quite oppoſite to the qualities the perſons are ſuppoſed to have. Thus it will not be found, according to the ſound rules of *pſeudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce hereſy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deſerve it. You will be unſucceſsful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he ſquanders away the nation's money; but you may ſafely relate, that he hoards it: You muſt not affirm he took a bribe, but you may freely cenſure him for being tardy in his payments; becauſe, though neither may be true, yet the laſt is credible, the firſt not. Of an open-hearted generous miniſter you are not to ſay, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with ſome probability,

bility, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners, to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which, many of their lyes, of late, have proved abortive, or short-lived.

In the *sixth* chapter, he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect of the people it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ θυμοειδὲς, *terrifying lyes*, and *animating* or *encouraging lyes*, both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν, he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too *frequently* shewn to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary, that the people of England should be frighted with the French King and the Pretender once a year; but that the bears should be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the *raw-head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *animating* or *encouraging lyes*, he gives the following rules: That they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them, and the same lye not obstinately insisted upon; that the promissory or prognosticating lyes should not be upon *short days*, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines,

by

by these rules, that well-meant, but unfortunate lye of the *conquest of France*, which continued near *twenty years* together *; but at last, by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn thread-bare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὸ τερατῶδες, or the *prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons, should be *sizeable*; their storms, tempests, and earth-quakes, without the reach of a *day's journey* of a man and horse.

The *seventh* chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the *two parties* † are the greatest artists in *political lying?* He owns, that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed; but that they have both very great geniuses amongst them. He attributes the ill success of either *party*, to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: When there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any *party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that sound judgment the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months lyeing afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible, to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Towards the end

* During the reign of K. William and Q. Anne. *Hawkes.*

† See the Examiner. No. xiv. vol. 3.

end of the chapter, he inveighs ſeverely againſt the folly of parties, in retaining ſcoundrels, and men of low genius, to retail their lyes; ſuch as moſt of the preſent news-writers are, who, except a ſtrong bent and inclination towards the profeſſion, ſeem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of *pſeudology*, and not at all qualified for ſo weighty a truſt.

In his next chapter, he treats of ſome extraordinary geniuſes, who have appeared of late years, eſpecially in their diſpoſition towards the *miraculous*. He adviſes thoſe hopeful young men, to turn their invention to the ſervice of their country; it being inglorious at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chaces, horſe-courſes, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, ſwallowing of peaches, pulling out whole ſetts of teeth to clean, *&c.* when their country ſtands ſo much need of their aſſiſtance.

The *eighth* chapter is a project for uniting the ſeveral ſmaller corporations of lyars into one ſociety. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole ſcheme: What is moſt remarkable is, That this ſociety ought to conſiſt of the heads of each party: That no lye is to paſs current without their approbation, they being the beſt judges of the preſent exigencies, and what ſort of lyes are demanded: That in ſuch a corporation there ought to be men of all profeſſions; that τὸ πρέπον, and the τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be obſerved as much as poſſible: That beſides the perſons above mentioned, this ſociety ought

to

to conſiſt of the hopeful geniuſes about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the ſeveral coffee-houſes) travellers, virtuoſos, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old ſeamen and ſoldiers out of the hoſpitals of Greenwich and Chelſea. To this ſociety ſo conſtituted, ought to be committed the ſole management of *lyeing*: That in their outer-room, there ought always to attend, ſome perſons endowed with a great ſtock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this ſoil and climate: He thinks a ſufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the Exchange: Theſe are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man ſpreads a lye with ſo good a grace, as he that believes it: That the rule of the ſociety be, to invent a lye, and ſometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather and the ſeaſon of the year. Your φοβερὰ, or *terrifying lyes*, do mighty well in November and December, but not ſo well in May and June, unleſs the eaſterly winds reign: That it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lye of the day: That the ſociety is to maintain a ſufficient number of ſpies, at court, and other places, to furniſh hints and topics for invention, and a general correſpondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lyes: That if any one of the ſociety were obſerved to bluſh, or look out of countenance, or want a neceſſary circumſtance in telling the lye, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable. Beſides the roaring lyes, there

there ought to be a private committee for whiſpers, conſtituted of the ableſt men of the ſociety. Here the author makes a digreſſion in praiſe of the *whig-party*, for the right underſtanding and uſe of *proof-lyes*. A *proof-lye* is like a *proof-charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a ſtandard credulity. Of ſuch a nature he takes tranſubſtantiation to be in the church of Rome, a *proof-article*, which if any one ſwallows, they are ſure he will digeſt every thing elſe: Therefore the *whig-party* do wiſely to try the credulity of the people ſometimes by *ſwingers*, that they may be able to judge to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties againſt believing their own lyes, which has proved of pernicious conſequence of late, both a wiſe party and a wiſe nation having regulated their affairs upon lyes of their own invention. The cauſes of this he ſuppoſes to be too great a zeal and intenſeneſs in the practice of this *art*, and a vehement heat in mutual converſation, whereby they perſuade one another, that what they wiſh, and report to be true, is really ſo: That all parties have been ſubject to this misfortune. The *Jacobites* have been conſtantly infected with it; but the *Whigs* of late ſeemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakneſs. To this chapter the author ſubjoins a *calandar* of lyes, proper for the ſeveral months of the year.

The *ninth* chapter treats of the *celerity* and *duration* of lyes. As to the *celerity* of their motion, the author ſays it is almoſt incredible: He

gives several instances of lyes, that have gone faster than a man can ride post: Your *terrifying lyes* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your *whispers* move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says, it is impossible to explain several *phænomena* in relation to the celerity of lyes, without the supposition of *synchronism* and *combination*. As to the *duration* of lyes, he says, there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some, which, like insects, die, and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lye surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.

The *tenth* chapter treats of the characteristics of lyes; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your Dutch, English, and French ware, are amply distinguished from one another; an *Exchange lye*, from one coined at the other end of the town: Great judgment is to be shewn as to the place where the species is intended to circulate: Very low and base coin will serve for Wapping: There are several coffee-houses, that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper *phantateustics*. The author says, he has attained, by study and application, to so great skill in this matter, that bring him any lye, he can tell whose image it bears, so truly as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The *promissory lyes* of

great men, are known by ſhouldering, hugging, ſqueezing, ſmiling, bowing; and their lyes in matter of fact, by immoderate ſwearing.

He ſpends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one ſimple queſtion, *Whether a lye is beſt contradicted by truth, or by another lye?* The author ſays, that, conſidering the large extent of the *cylindrical ſurface* of the *ſoul*, and the great propenſity to believe lyes in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the propereſt contradiction to a lye, is another lye. For example; if it ſhould be reported, that the Pretender was at London, one would not contradict it, by ſaying, he never was in England; but you muſt prove by eye-witneſſes, that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be ſpread about, that a great perſon were dying of ſome diſeaſe, you muſt not ſay the truth, that they are in health, and never had ſuch a diſeaſe, but that they are ſlowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and ſlavery into England, was ſigned the 15th of September: To which another anſwered very judiciouſly, not by oppoſing truth to his lye, that there was no ſuch treaty; but that to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjuſted.

The account of the ſecond volume of this excellent Treatiſe, is reſerved for another time.

REASONS

REASONS humbly offered by the Company exercising the trade and mystery of UPHOLDERS, against part of the BILL *for the better viewing, searching, and examining drugs, medicines*, &c. 1724 *.

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of *drugs* and *medicines* about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending, *for viewing*, &c. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill:

That the company of upholders *are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general*, provided they may be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence; and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the consumption of the *woollen manufacture* of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that *there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and*

* In the year 1724, the physicians made application to Parliament, to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without the prescription of a physician: During which, this Tract was dispersed in the Court of Requests. *Hawkes.*

citizens, whom we have attended: Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her first burial, having burthened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any farther charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill or care in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the *power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians*, to restrain any of his Majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking what medicines they please, *is a manifest incroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.*

As the company exercising the trade and mystery of upholders, have an undisputed right in and upon the *bodies* of all and every the subjects of the kingdom; we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them *out of possession* by unreasonable *delays*, to the great detriment of our company, and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous

merous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robuſt aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad underſtandings, ſingle heirs of great eſtates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reverſionary patents, and reverſionary promiſes of preferments, leaſes upon ſingle lives, and play-debts upon joint lives; and that the perſons ſo aggrieved, have no hope of being ſpeedily relieved any other way, than by the diſpenſing of *drugs* and *medicines* in the manner they *now are*, burying *alive* being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceaſed, who, by certain mechanical motions and powers, are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well-ordered government: By want of a due *police*, in this particular, our company have been great offenders.

That *frequent funerals* contribute to preſerve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where ſo well illuſtrated as on this ſolemn occaſion; to maintain *neceſſitous clergy*; to enable the *clerks* to appear in decent habits to officiate of Sundays; to feed the great retinue of *ſober* and *melancholy men*, who appear at the ſaid funerals, and who muſt ſtarve, without conſtant and regular employment. Moreover, we deſire it may be remembered, that by the paſſing of this bill, the nobility and gentry will have their *old coaches* lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be diſcouraged, as is by this bill propoſed, it being the only method left of *carrying* ſome people to *church*.

We are afraid, that by the hardſhips of this bill, our company will be reduced to leave their buſineſs here, and *practiſe at York and Briſtol, where the free uſe of bad medicines will be ſtill allowed.*

It is therefore hoped, that no ſpecious pretence whatſoever, will be thought ſufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power, for people to live (in defiance of *art*) as long as they can by the courſe of *nature*, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to ſuffer in ſome meaſure, by the power given to phyſicians to diſſect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of caſes for ſkeletons will be reſerved ſolely to the coffin-makers.

We likewiſe humbly preſume, that the intereſts of the ſeveral trades and profeſſions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; ſuch as that of hearſes, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, ſtone-cutters, feather-men, and bell-ringers; and eſpecially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of *ſnuff*, who uſe great quantities of old-coffins, and who, conſidered in the conſumption of their drugs, employ by far the greateſt number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

To the Right Honourable the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London.

The humble PETITION of the Colliers, Cooks, Cook-maids, Black-smiths, Jack-makers, Braſiers, and others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *virtuoſi*, diſaffected to the government, and to the trade and proſperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have preſumed, by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the *ſun-beams*, by the help of certain *glaſſes*, to make, produce, and kindle up ſeveral new *focus*'s, or fires, within theſe his Majeſty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, ſtew, fry, and dreſs all ſorts of victuals and proviſions, to brew, diſtil ſpirits, ſmelt oar, and, in general, to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the monopoly of their ſaid invention: We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your Honours,

That ſuch grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary, your petitioners, their wives, children, ſervants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid invention, but warming of cellars, and dreſſing

ing of ſuppers in the winter time: That the aboliſhing ſo conſiderable a branch of the coaſting-trade as that of the colliers, will deſtroy the *navigation* of this kingdom. That whereas the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* talk of making uſe of the *moon* by night, as of the *ſun* by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of *tallow-chandlers*, and impair a very conſiderable branch of the *revenue*, which ariſes from the *tax* upon tallow and candles.

That the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the *ſun*, which is appointed to *rule the day*, and not to *roaſt mutton*. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine, foreſtall, and monopolize the beams of the ſun. And whereas the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* have undertaken, by burning-glaſſes made of ice, to roaſt an ox upon the Thames next winter: We conceive all ſuch practices to be an incroachment upon the rights and privileges of the *company* of *watermen*.

That the diverſity of expoſition of the ſeveral kitchens in this great city, whereby ſome receive the rays of the ſun ſooner, and others later, will occaſion great irregularity as to the *time of dining* of the ſeveral inhabitants, and conſequently great uncertainty and confuſion in the diſpatch of buſineſs: And to thoſe, who, by reaſon of their northern expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the

price

price of their manufacture, to such inequality as is inconsistent with common justice: And the same inconveniency will affect *landlords* in the *value* of their *rents*.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks, and cook-maids, to study optics and astronomy, in order to know the due distances of the said *focus*'s, or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year; which studies, at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say any thing of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *cookery* into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the *health* of his Majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sun-beams is extremely unwholesome; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said *catoptrical victuallers*; forasmuch as the sun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the radical moisture.

The sun-beams, taken *inwardly*, shed a malignant influence upon the *brain*, by their natural tendency towards the *moon*, and produce madness and

and diſtraction at the time of the full moon. That the conſtant uſe of ſo great quantities of this *inward light*, will occaſion the growth of *quakeriſm*, to the danger of the *church*,—and of *poetry*, to the danger of the *ſtate*.

That the influences of the conſtellations, through which the ſun paſſes, will, with his beams, be conveyed into the *blood*; and, when the ſun is among the horned ſigns, may produce ſuch a ſpirit of *unchaſtity*, as is dangerous to the honour of your Worſhips families.

That mankind living much upon the ſeeds and other parts of plants, theſe being impregnated with the ſun-beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous conſequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heavieſt upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and ſickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, *&c.* For which we are ready to produce to your Honours, the opinions of eminent phyſicians, that the taſte and property of the victuals is much altered to the worſe by the ſaid *ſolar cookery*, fricaſſes being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquired by being dreſſed over charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen, by an eclipſe of an extraordinary length, that this city ſhould be deprived of the ſun-beams for ſeveral months; how will his Majeſty's ſubjects ſubſiſt in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally loſt?

In

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your Honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the *sun-beams* for any of the useful purposes of life, or, in the ensuing parliament, procure a *tax to be laid* upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of *coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings *per yard square*, reserving the sole right and privilege of the *catoptrical cookery*, to the *royal society*, and to the commanders and crews of the bomb-vessels under the direction of Mr Whiston for finding out the longitude, who, by reason of the remoteness of their stations, may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg, that your Honours, as to the fore-mentioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government *to look after the heavenly luminaries*, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

IT

IT CANNOT RAIN, BUT IT POURS;

OR,

LONDON STROWED WITH RARITIES.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear, at the houſe of Mr Ratcliff in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet; as alſo, of Fauſtina, the celebrated Italian ſinging woman; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland: And laſtly, of the wonderful wild man that was nurſed in the woods of Germany by a wild beaſt, hunted and taken in toyls; how he behaveth himſelf like a dumb creature, and is a Chriſtian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great aſtoniſhment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE ſhall begin with a deſcription of Peter the ſavage, deferring our other curioſities to ſome following papers.

Romulus and Remus the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orſin that of the moderns, have been juſtly the admiration of all mankind. Nor can we preſage leſs of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-

known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accompliſhed, is moſt eaſily interpreted:

When Rome ſhall wend to Benevento,
And Eſpagne break the Aſſiento;
When eagle ſplit ſhall fly to China,
And Chriſtian folks adore Fauſtina;
Then ſhall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats ſhall he atchieve———

The Pope is now going to Benevento: The Spaniards have broke their treaty: The Emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, muſt be convinced, that it was not the Empreſs Fauſtina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident, by ſeveral tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no regiſter of his chriſtening, his age is only to be gueſſed at by his ſtature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being ſo young was the occaſion of the great diſappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of ſome attempt upon their chaſtity: So far is true, that he endeavoured to kiſs the young lady Walpole, who, for that reaſon, is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her ſuperior beauty.

Ariſtotle ſaith, that man is the moſt mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philoſo-

pher is ſtrongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his firſt impreſſions at court: His manners are firſt to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thruſt his hand into every body's *pocket;* to climb over people's *heads;* and even to make uſe of the *royal hand*, to *take* what he has a mind to. At his firſt appearance, he ſeized on the Lord Chamberlain's ſtaff, and put on his hat before the King; from whence ſome have conjectured, that he is either deſcended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kinſale in Ireland. However, theſe are manifeſt tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he diſcovered, what wild beaſt had nurſed him: Obſerving children to aſk bleſſing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a ſow, and muttered ſome ſounds in that humble poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrick's natural brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the ſuperiority of parts and genius in Peter, demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Though he is ignorant both of antient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious phyſician, who is intruſted with his education) yet he diſtinguiſhes objects by certain ſounds

ſounds framed to himſelf, which Mr Rotenberg, who brought him over, underſtands perfectly. Beholding one day the ſhambles with great fear and aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls man by the ſame ſound, which expreſſeth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpyes and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glaſs, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The firſt ſhip he ſaw, he took to be a great beaſt ſwimming on her back, and her feet tied above her: The men that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were ſo unlike their dam. He underſtands perfectly the language of all beaſts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one ſpecies. He can bring any beaſt what he calls for, and no doubt is much miſſed now in his native woods, where he uſed to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and ſerved as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of ſheep, that were driving to the ſhambles, of their danger; and, upon uttering ſome ſounds, they all fled. He takes great pleaſure in converſation with horſes; and going to the Meuſe, to converſe with two of his intimate acquaintances in the King's ſtables, as he paſſed by, he neighed to the horſe at Charing-croſs, being, as it were, ſurpriſed to ſee him ſo high: He ſeemed to take it ill, that the horſe did not anſwer him; but I think no-body can undervalue his underſtanding, for not being ſkilled in ſtatuary.

He expreſſeth his joy moſt commonly by neighing; and whatever the philoſophers may talk of their riſibility, neighing is a more noble expreſſion of that paſſion than laughing, which ſeems to me to have ſomething ſilly in it; and beſides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are ſenſible they debaſe themſelves, by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general obſervation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds; witneſs Harlequins, Scaramouches, and Maſqueraders: On the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely ſilly, endeavour to bring themſelves down to mankind. Love he expreſſeth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will ſerve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great inſtruction is to be had from this wild youth, in the knowledge of ſimples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the cenſors of the college, in their viſitation of apothecaries ſhops.

I am told, that the new * *ſect* of *herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods, to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raiſe a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He

* Dr Cheyne's followers. *Hawkeſ.*

He ſings naturally ſeveral pretty tunes of his own compoſing, and with equal facility in the *chromatic*, and *inharmonic*, and *diatonic* ſtile; and conſequently muſt be of infinite uſe to the academy, in judging of the merits of their compoſers, and is the only perſon that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Fauſtina †.

I cannot omit his firſt notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural ſkins of the creatures that wore them, and ſeemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a ſtocking, thinking the poor man was a-flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are diſaffected people, who ſay he is a *pretender*, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the falſe notions they have of wild men, which they frame from ſuch as they ſee about the town, whoſe actions are rather abſurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The ſenſes of this wild man are vaſtly more acute, than thoſe of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beaſt of prey. A dog is an aſs to him for finding *trouſles*; his hearing is more perfect, becauſe his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the ſonorous object.

† Two rival ſingers at that time in the Italian operas here. *Hawkeſ.*

LET us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth, by being brought to court, has been made a Chriſtian; ſo ſuch as are at court, and are no Chriſtians, may lay aſide their ſavage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekneſs of the goſpel!

The

The NARRATIVE of DR ROBERT NORRIS, concerning the *ſtrange* and *deplorable phrenzy* of MR JOHN DENNIS *, an officer of the cuſtom-houſe.

[Written in the year 1713.]

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is ſo dear to an honeſt man, as his good name; nor ought he to neglect the juſt vindication of his character, when it is injuriouſly attacked by any man. The perſon I have at preſent cauſe to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumſtances; it having pleaſed God to deprive him of his ſenſes, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I ſhould be wanting in my duty, not only to myſelf, but alſo to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, ſhould I ſuffer my profeſſion or honeſty to be undeſervedly aſperſed. I have therefore reſolved to give the public an account of all that has paſſed between the unhappy gentleman and myſelf.

On the 20th inſtant, while I was in my cloſet, pondering the caſe of one of my patients, I heard

a

* The hiſtory of Mr Dennis is to be ſeen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets, or in Mr Pope's Dunciad, among the notes upon which the curious reader may find ſome extracts from his writings. The occaſion of this Narrative, ſufficiently appears from the Doctor's own words. *Hawkeſ.*

a knocking at my door; upon opening of which, entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, who told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow, by enquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr Dennis, an officer of the custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent phrenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas! Sir, *says she*, this day fortnight in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's: The boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, *The devil was come.* He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch*, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door: But I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually

petually ſtarts, and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a meſſenger from the French King! I ſhall die in the Baſtile.*

Having ſaid this, the old woman preſented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which, I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore inſtantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-croſs, up *three pair* of ſtairs, (which I ſhould not have publiſhed in this manner, but that this lunatic *conceals* the place of his reſidence, on purpoſe to prevent the good offices of thoſe charitable *friends* and *phyſicians* who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman ſeated on his bed, with Mr Bernard Lintot bookſeller on the one ſide of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have ſince learned, calls himſelf a *grammarian*; the latitude of whoſe countenance was not a little eclipſed by the fullneſs of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale viſage, and hang my cloaths on ſomewhat ſlovenly, I no ſooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, 'S'death! a 'Frenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! Who 'could have thought the Queen would have de-'livered me up to France in this treaty; and, 'leaſt of all, that you, my friends, would have 'been in a conſpiracy againſt me?'——Sir, *ſaid*

I,

I, here is neither plot nor conſpiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your ſenſes requires my attendance, and your friends ſent for me on no other account. I then took a particular ſurvey of his perſon, and the furniture and diſpoſition of his apartment. His aſpect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered ſome matter of importance, but the ſound ſeemed loſt inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not ſuffer to be ſhaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the firſt opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation, when any thing was ſpoken, inſomuch that he ſeemed not to have ſmoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with ſweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his ſtockings fell down to his ancles.

I obſerved his room was hung with *old tapeſtry*, which had ſeveral holes in it, cauſed, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceneſs of whoſe viſages had much provoked him. On all ſides of his room were pinned a great many ſheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin

gin with his own hand. The words *abſurd*, *monſtrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in ſuch large characters, that I could read them without my ſpectacles. By the fire-ſide lay three farthings-worth of ſmall-coal in a Spectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the ſame title, which his nurſe informed me ſhe had conveyed thither out of his ſight, believing they were books of the black art; for her maſter never read in them, but he was either quite *moped*, or in *raving fits*. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except ſome books on the ſhelves very well bound and gilded, whoſe names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where elſe to be found; ſuch as *Gibraltar*, *a comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *The grounds of criticiſm in poetry*; *An eſſay on public ſpirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of, was, a *Paradiſe Loſt*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuſcripts, as thick as a paſtry-cook's ſhop on a Chriſtmas eve. On his table were ſome ends of verſe, and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was caſting my eyes round on all this odd furniture, with ſome earneſtneſs and aſtoniſhment, and in a profound ſilence, I was on a ſudden ſurprized to hear the man ſpeak in the following manner:

'Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you 'as with your predeceſſor the famous Hippo-'crates,

'crates, whom the miſtaken citizens of Abdera 'ſent for in this very manner, to cure the philo-'ſopher Democritus; he returned full of admi-'ration at the wiſdom of that perſon, whom he 'had ſuppoſed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it 'was thus Ariſtotle himſelf, and all the great 'ancients, ſpent their days and nights, wrapt up 'in criticiſm, and beſet all around with their 'own writings. As for me, whom you ſee in 'the ſame manner, be aſſured I have none other 'diſeaſe than a ſwelling in my legs, whereof I 'ſay no more, ſince your art may further cer-'tify you.'

I began now to be in hopes, that this caſe had been miſrepreſented; and that he was not ſo far gone, but ſome timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the anſwers made to me, I ſhall ſet down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were ſpoken, becauſe I would not omit the leaſt circumſtance in this narrative; and I call my conſcience to witneſs, as if upon oath, that I ſhall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Denn. By a criticiſm.

Dr. A criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I never read of.

Denn. S'death! Sir, a diſtemper! It is no diſtemper, but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen

hours a-day at it: And are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato. *

Old Wom. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs: Alas! poor maſter is juſt falling into his fits.

Mr Lintot. Fits! Z——! what fits? A man may well have ſwellings in his legs, that ſits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Dr. The *Remarks!* What are thoſe?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my Remarks? I will be damned if this dog Lintot ever publiſhed my advertiſements.

Mr Lintot. Z——! I publiſhed advertiſement upon advertiſement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G——, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear thoſe are the fewel that feed his *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this diſcourſe.

I deſire a word in private with this other gentleman, who ſeems a grave and ſenſible man. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary.

* Remarks on Cato, publiſhed by Mr D. in the year 1712.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved, ſince he has been under your care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage of Celſus, which ſays, If the patient on the third day have an interval, ſuſpend the medicaments at night. Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternuation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no ſuch matter, you utterly miſtake.

Dr. Miſtake! Am I not a phyſician? and ſhall an apothecary diſpute my *noſtrums?*—You may perhaps have filled up a preſcription or two of *Ratcliff's*, which chanced to ſucceed; and with that very preſcription, injudiciouſly preſcribed to different conſtitutions, have deſtroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus ſolus preſcribat.* Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a baſe mechanic! He who, like myſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry! Can you think I would ſubmit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary? By the immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, nay, aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the *furies and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr Lintot. He is an author; you miſtake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, and no man's elſe.

Denn.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Muſt our reputation be loſt to all foreign countries? O deſtruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera!* *. As poetry once raiſed cities; ſo, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves. Mr Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no miſchief.

Denn. O! I am ſick, ſick to death!

Dr. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſay the modern phyſicians) is an excellent ſymptom. When a patient is ſenſible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am ſick of the *ſentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protaſis*, of the *epitaſis*, and the *cataſtrophe*.—Alas! what is become of the *drama*, the *drama?*

Old Wom. The *dram*, Sir? Mr Lintot drank up all the *gin* juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently.

Denn. O ſhameful want, ſcandalous omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z——! no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

* He wrote a treatiſe proving the decay of public ſpirit to proceed from Italian operas.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increaſes: Good Mr Lintot, hold him.

Mr Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the devil will buy the *Remarks?* [*Here Mr Lintot ſcratched his head.*]

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold bath tomorrow—Mr Lintot, you are a ſenſible man; pray ſend for Mr Verdier's ſervant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this evening, whilſt he is cupped on the head. The ſymptoms of his madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for Avicen ſays, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs, ſtand off; unhand me, miſcreants! Is the man, whoſe whole endeavours are to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one aſſert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foiſted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Ariſtotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated? and ſhall a bookſeller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life, to which he owes his ſupport?

Gent.

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I muſt not ſee my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myſelf: I am alſo of the ſame opinion as to the *peripætia*. ——Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I ſhould conceive you to be a graduate phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of a *perſon*, I am loath to ſay *quack*, who, rather than his drugs ſhould lie upon his hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others. The gentleman is of good condition, ſound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe proceedings.

THESE were all the words that paſſed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary we ſhould make uſe of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whiſpered the old woman, to go to Mr Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glaſſes; in the meantime, by the aſſiſtance of Mr Lintot, we locked his friend into a cloſet, who, it is plain from his laſt ſpeech, was likewiſe touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bed-ſtead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender expreſſions we could uſe to perſuade him to ſubmit to the operation, till the ſervant of Verdier

arrived. He had no ſooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glaſſes on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned, burſting open the cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us, cut Mr Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt folio, which ſorely bruiſed the ſhin of Mr Lintot: Mr John Dennis alſo, ſtarting up with cupping-glaſſes on his head, ſeized another folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the ſkull, juſt above my right temple. The truth of this fact, Mr Verdier's ſervant is ready to atteſt upon oath, who, taking exact ſurvey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica;* and that which broke Mr Lintot's ſhin, was Scalliger's *Poetices.* After this, Mr John Dennis, ſtrengthened at once by rage and madneſs, ſnatched up a peruke-block, that ſtood by the bed-ſide, and wielded it round in ſo furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glaſſes from the crown of his head, ſo that much blood trickled down his viſage.—He looked ſo ghaſtly, and his paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious height, that myſelf, Mr Lintot, and Verdier's ſervant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſt, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into diſcourſe with him about the madneſs of this perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

THAT on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr John Dennis

Dennis entered into his ſhop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt provocation, tear out that No.—where the author treats of poetical juſtice, and caſt it into the ſtreet. That the ſaid John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the ſaid Mr Lintot's counter, a book called an *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, juſt then publiſhed, he read a page to two with much frowning, till coming to theſe two lines,

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

He flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, *By G—d he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakeſpear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr Dennis, he ſwore the ſaid Shakeſpear was a *raſcal*, with other defamatory expreſſions, which gave Mr Lintot a very ill opinion of the ſaid Shakeſpear.

That about two months ſince, he came again into the ſhop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious looks on a gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome information concerning that perſon. He was no ſooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his firſt piece was to be publiſhed in a few days, but he drew his ſword upon him; and had not my ſervant luckily catched him by the ſleeve, I might have loſt one author upon the ſpot, and another the next ſeſſions.

Upon

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons, which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate physician; and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal-Exchange, Custom-House, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

All

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: So wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my house in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.

A full and true ACCOUNT of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE BY POISON, on the body of Mr EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

With a faithful copy of his LAST WILL and TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furniſheth us with examples of many ſatirical *authors*, who have fallen ſacrifices to revenge; but not of any *bookſellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate ſubject of the following paper: I mean Mr Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet, who was yeſterday poiſoned by Mr Pope, after having lived many years an inſtance of the mild temper of the Britiſh nation.

Every body knows, that the ſaid Mr Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th inſtant, publiſhed a ſatirical piece, intituled, *Court Poems;* in the preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of quality, Mr Pope, or Gay; by which indiſcreet method, though he had eſcaped one revenge, there were ſtill two behind in reſerve.

Now, on the Wedneſday enſuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr Lintot, a neighbouring bookſeller, deſired a conference with Mr Curll, about ſettling a *title-page*, inviting him at the

the same time to take a *whet* together. Mr Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr Curll, for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: He excused himself, by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr Oldmixion by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor, in colour and taste, differed not from common sack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, 'Are you not sick, my dear?' He replied, 'Bloody sick;' and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was *bewitched*: but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals

vals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumſtance of his interview with Mr Pope.

Mr Lintot, in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the ſudden alteration he obſerved in him: 'Brother Curll, *ſays he*, I fear 'you have got the vomiting diſtemper; which I 'have heard kills in half an hour. This comes 'from your not following my advice, to drink 'old hock in a morning, as I do, and abſtain 'from ſack.' Mr Curll replied in a moving tone, 'Your author's ſack, I fear, has done 'my buſineſs.' 'Z—ds, *ſays Mr Lintot*, my 'author!—Why did not you drink old hock?' Notwithſtanding which rough remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly manner preſs him to take warm water: But Mr Curll did with great obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr Lintot infer, that he choſe to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the ſymptoms increaſed violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. 'Brother 'Lintot, *ſays he*, I perceive my laſt hour ap-'proaching; do me the friendly office to call 'my partner, Mr Pemberton, that we may 'ſettle our worldly affairs.' Mr Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was haſtening out of the room, while Mr Curll raved aloud in this manner: 'If I ſurvive this, I will be revenged on Tonſon; 'it was he firſt detected me as the printer of 'theſe poems, and I will reprint theſe very 'poems in his name.' His wife admoniſhed

him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his ſtock and his ſoul: And in the ſame inſtant, Mr Lintot, whoſe goodneſs can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr Pemberton. After ſome tears jointly ſhed by theſe humane bookſellers, Mr Curll being, as he ſaid, in his perfect ſenſes, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will (Mrs Curll having firſt put on his night-cap) in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the firſt place, I do ſincerely pray forgiveneſs for thoſe indirect methods I have purſued, in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never ſaw, publiſhing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honeſt livelihood.

I do alſo heartily beg pardon of all perſons of honour, lords ſpiritual and temporal, gentry, burgeſſes, and commonalty, to whoſe abuſe I have any or every way contributed by publications; particularly, I hope it will be conſidered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewiſe aſperſed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abuſed the honourable Mr Walpole, I have alſo libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: So that I have preſerved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honeſt man* in times of faction and diviſion.

I call my conſcience to witneſs, that many of theſe things, which may ſeem malicious, were

done out of *charity;* I have made it wholly my buſineſs, to print for poor diſconſolate authors, whom all other bookſellers refuſe. Only, God bleſs Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no *copy-money*.

The ſecond collection of poems, which I groundleſly called Mr Prior's, will ſell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertiſements which I was obliged to publiſh *againſt him:* Therefore, you may as well ſuppreſs the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Chriſtian.

The French Cato, with the Criticiſm ſhewing how ſuperiour it is to Mr Addiſon's, (which I wickedly aſcribed to Madam Dacier) may be ſuppreſſed at a reaſonable rate, being damnably tranſlated.

I proteſt I have no animoſity to Mr Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems, without his leave, in quarto. Mr Gildon's *Rehearſal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honeſt man, I paid him double for abuſing both him and Mr Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publiſhing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Eſſays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt, (which is near the whole impreſſion, preſents excepted) and let my poor widow have, in exchange, the ſole property of the copy of Madam Maſcranny.

[*Here*

[*Here Mr Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article; about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr Lintot had not interposed, and Mr Curll vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the reader is intreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hick's hall, for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support at the last long vocation.

[*In this last paragraph, Mr Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemens and bishops *last wills and testaments*, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons*, at *one shilling* a piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr Manwaring's *Life*, I ask Mrs Oldfield's pardon: Neither *his*, nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of service to their

country, were of any to me; but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words, Mr Oldmixon entered. 'Ah! Mr Oldmixon, *said poor 'Mr Curll*, to what a condition have your 'works reduced me! I die a martyr to that un-'lucky preface. However, in these my last mo-'ments, I will be just to all men; you shall have 'your third share of the *Court Poems*, as was 'stipulated. When I am dead, where will you 'find *another bookseller?* Your *Protestant Packet* 'might have supported you, had you writ a little 'less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things.'

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. *Why not find another bookseller, Brother Curll?* and then took Mr Oldmixon aside, and whispered him: 'Sir, 'as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk 'with you over a pint at the Devil.'

Mr Curll now turning to Mr Pemberton, told him he had several *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a *Common-prayer-book*, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation.

tation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St Dunstan's, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentlemen authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours, with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer, will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A further Account of the moſt deplorable CONDITION of Mr EDMUND CURLL, Bookſeller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr Curll's impriſonment, by a faithful, though unpolite, hiſtorian of Grub-ſtreet. I am but the continuer of his hiſtory; yet I hope a due diſtinction will be made between an undignified ſcribler of a ſheet and a half, and the author of a three-penny ſtitched book, like myſelf.

'Wit, *ſaith Sir Richard Blackmore* *, proceeds 'from a concurrence of regular and exalted 'ferments, and an affluence of animal ſpirits 'rectified and refined to a degree of purity.' On the contrary, when the ingenious particles riſe with the vital liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational part of the ſoul, which we commonly call *madneſs*. The verity of this hypotheſis, is juſtified by the ſymptoms with which the unfortunate Mr Edmund Curll bookſeller hath been afflicted, ever ſince his ſwallowing the poiſon at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-ſtreet. For though the *neck* of his *retort*, which carries up the animal ſpirits to the head, is of an extraordinary

* Blackmore's Eſſays, vol. I.

ordinary length; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind, were, at first, only *speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel,* and *refusing two-and-nine-pence for* Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays.*

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to *void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixion a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr Pemberton's A— by violence.*

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would *dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub,* and *made Mr Lintot eat a suppository for a radish, with bread and butter.*

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs Curll: At first she privately put a *bill* into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched stationer,* distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs Curll's *Letter to* Mr Lintot.

WORTHY MR LINTOT,

'YOU and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy, with which my poor man is visited.

'visited. I never perceived he was out of himself, till that melancholy day, that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran a-vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost *one testicle* at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the *stock?* unless Mr Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for, God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that if he wanted *daily books*, we wanted *daily bread*. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr Curll's *ivory-headed cane* upon the counter.—Pray recommend me to your *pastry-cook*, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr Curll has disobliged ours since his fits came upon him;—before that, we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his *son* out of the way for fear of mischief: So, wishing you a merry Easter, I remain your

'Most humble servant,

'C. CURLL.'

'P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o' *calf*, it is really groundless, for he always binds in *sheep*.'

BUT we return to Mr Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to send a general summons to all *his authors*. There was but one porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs Curll's original letter, lie at Mr Lintot's shop, to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter, how to find Mr Curll's *authors.*

'AT a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way under the blind arch: Ask for the *historian.*'

'At the Bed-stead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two Translators in a bed together.

'At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a School-master with carbuncles on his nose.

'At a blacksmith's shop in the Friers, a Pindaric Writer in red stockings.

'In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, a Composer of meditations.

'At the three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch-yard, one that has been a Parson; he wears a blue camblet-coat, trimmed with black: My best writer against *revealed religion.*

'At

'At Mr Summers a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's Lane, the man that wrote againſt the impiety of Mr Rowe's plays.

'At the Farthing-pye-houſe in Tooting-fields, the young man who is writing my new Paſtorals.

'At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in the Wall in Curſitor's alley, up three pair of ſtairs, the author of *Church-Hiſtory*,—if his flux be over. —You may alſo ſpeak to the gentleman, who lies by him in the flock-bed, my *Index-maker*.

'The Cook's * wife in Buckingham-court; bid her bring along with her the *ſimiles* that were lent her for the next new play.

'Call at Budge-Row, for the gentleman you uſed to go to in the *cock-loft;* I have taken away the *ladder*, but his landlady has it in keeping.

'I don't much care if you aſk at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic,—and the purblind poet, at the Alley over againſt St Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time.'

All theſe gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed, in Mr Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cock-loft; his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down, the other happened to be too cloſely watched by the bailiffs.

They no ſooner entered the room, but all of them ſhewed in their behaviour ſome *ſuſpicion* of

* Mrs Centlivre.

of each other; ſome turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others ſquinting with a leer, that ſhewed at once *fear* and *indignation*; each with a haggered abſtracted mien, the lively picture of *ſcorn*, *ſolitude*, and *ſhort commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Lybian leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: High hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or, as a houſewife ſtands before her pales, ſurrounded by her geeſe; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is ſcattered as the Winter's ſnow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks ſhot through the room, tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till Curll thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from the cloſe-ſtool):

'*Whores* and *authors* muſt be paid before-hand, 'to put them in good humour; therefore here 'is half a crown piece for you to drink your 'own healths, and confuſion to Mr Addiſon, 'and all other ſucceſsful writers.'

'Ah, gentlemen! What have I not done? 'what have I not ſuffered, rather than the world 'ſhould be deprived of your lucubrations? I have 'taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once I was 'hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice I was toſſed in a blanket; I have 'had boxes on the ear, ſlaps on the chops; I 'have been frighted, pumped, kicked, ſlandered, and beſhitten.——I hope, gentlemen, you

'are

'are all convinced, that this author of Mr Lintot's could mean nothing else, but starving you, 'by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult 'the best and speediest methods of revenge.'

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the *index-maker* said, there was nothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:

'*Resolved*, That every member of this society, 'according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of 'Mr Pope.

'*Resolved*, That towards the libelling of the 'said Pope, there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and nine-'pence (not including advertisements.)

'*Resolved*, That he has on purpose, in several 'passages, perverted the true ancient Heathen 'sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the popish religion.

'*Resolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles*, at this juncture, has been the occasion of 'all the disturbances of this kingdom.

'*Ordered*, That Mr Barnivelt * be invited to

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr Pope, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great solemnity proved to be

'be a member of this ſociety, in order to make 'further diſcoveries.'

'*Reſolved*, That a number of effective *errata's* 'be raiſed out of Pope's Homer, (not exceeding '1746); and that every gentleman, who ſhall 'ſend in one error, for his encouragement, ſhall 'have the whole works of this ſociety *gratis*.

'*Reſolved*, That a ſum not exceeding ten ſhil- 'lings and ſixpence, be diſtributed among the 'members of this ſociety, for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in 'order to enable them the more effectually to 'defame him in *coffee-houſes*.

'*Reſolved*, That towards the further leſſening 'the character of the ſaid Pope, ſome perſons be 'deputed to abuſe him at ladies *tea-tables*; and 'that in conſideration our authors are not *well* 'dreſſed enough, Mr C——y, and Mr Ke——l, 'be deputed for that ſervice.

'*Reſolved*, That a *ballad* be made againſt Mr 'Pope; and that Mr Oldmixon *, Mr Gildon †, 'and Mrs Centlivre ‡, do prepare and bring in 'the ſame.

 '*Reſolved*,

a political libel, was publiſhed in the name of Eſdras Barnivelt apothecary. *Hawkeſ.*

* Oldmixon was all his life a party writer for hire: And after having falſified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent perſons with falſifying Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory, which was diſapproved by Dr Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, the only ſurvivor of them. *Hawkeſ.*

† Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels, who abuſed Mr Pope in ſeveral pamphlets and books printed by Curll. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Mrs Suſannah Centlivre, wife of Mr Centlivre, yeoman of

'*Resolved*, That above all, some effectual 'ways and means be found to increase the joint 'stock of the reputation of this society, which 'at present is exceeding low, and to give their 'works the greater currency; whether by rais- 'ing the denomination of the said works by 'counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater 'quantity of the fine metal of other authors with 'the alloy of this society.

'*Resolved*, That no member of this society, 'for the future, mix *stout* in his *ale* in a morning, 'and that Mr B—— remove from the Hercules 'and Still.

'*Resolved*, That all our members, (except 'the *cook's wife*) be provided with a sufficient 'quantity of the *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *sal* 'volatile.

'*Resolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore * be 'appointed to endue this society with a large 'quantity of *regular and exalted ferments*, in 'order to *enliven* their *cold sentiments* (being his 'true receipt to make wits †.)'

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up; but they took so near a part

of the Mouth to his Majesty, wrote a song before she was seven years old, and many plays: She wrote also a ballad against Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it. *Hawkes.*

* Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr Pope in very high and sober terms, of prophaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm. *Hawkes.*

† See page 222.

part in Mr Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly*, he should get the mummy of some deceased *Moderator* of the *General Assembly* in Scotland, to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against *Antichrist*; but Mr Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the person who administred the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Essays* on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second edition*); then, without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone, he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now, *G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos!* Ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *journeymen?* born in *garrets* among *lice* and *cobwebs*, nursed up on *grey peas*, *bullocks liver*, and *porters ale?*—— Was

not the first light you saw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty sheets* of brown paper?—And have not I clothed you in double *royal*, lodged you handsomely on *decent shelves*, laced your *backs* with *gold*, equipt you with splendid *titles*, and sent you into the world with the names of *persons of quality?* Must I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves, and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheeps cloathing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return.* Why hold you forth your *texts* to me, ye paltry *sermons?* Why cry ye,——at every word to me, ye *bawdy poems?*—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the *passage-house;* for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE RELATION,

How Mr Edmund Curll, of Fleet-ſtreet, ſtationer, out of an extraordinary deſire of lucre, went into Change-Alley, and was converted from the Chriſtian religion, by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumciſed, and initiated into their myſteries.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Eſſays, hath elegantly obſerved) *is an inordinate impulſe of the ſoul towards the amaſſing or heaping together a ſuperfluity of wealth, without the leaſt regard of applying it to its proper uſes.*

And how the mind of man is poſſeſſed with this vice, may be ſeen every day, both in the city, and ſuburbs thereof. It has been always eſteemed by Plato, Puffendorf, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: But now our young men

are turned uſurers and ſtockjobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and eſtates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiſcence of youth is converted into the covetouſneſs of age; and thoſe appetites are now become VENAL, which ſhould be VENEREAL.

In the firſt place, let us ſhew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity, have been undone and ruined by this deadly ſin of avarice.

I ſhall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæſar, who fell a ſacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papiſts?

Did not Themiſtocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a ſum of money, where they barbarouſly put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato, (as the late Mr Addiſon hath very well obſerved) though otherwiſe a gentleman of good ſenſe, was not unſullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he ſold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus, for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *ſeſtertii*, according to Mr Demoivre's calculation. *See Heſiod in his ſeventh chapter of Feaſts and Feſtivals.*

Actuated

Actuated by the ſame diabolical ſpirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Conſul ſhot Alcibiades the Senator with a piſtol, and robbed him of ſeveral *bank-bills* and *chequer-notes*, to an immenſe value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *Chriſtian burial*. Hence comes the proverb, *incidat in Syllam*.

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern inſtance, though well known, and often quoted by hiſtorians, *viz.* Echard, Dionyſius, Halicarnaſſeus, Virgil, Horace, and others. It is that I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloign, one of the greateſt heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Antony); all theſe things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the ſiege of Damaſcus.

Who then can wonder, after ſo many great and illuſtrious examples, that Mr Edmund Curll the ſtationer, ſhould renounce the *Chriſtian religion*, for the *Mammon* of unrighteouſneſs; and barter his precious faith, for the filthy proſpect of lucre in the preſent fluctuation of *ſtocks?*

It having been obſerved to Mr Curll, by ſome of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion) what immenſe ſums the Jews got by *bubbles* *, &c. he immediately

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which ſubſcriptions were raiſed, and negotiated at vaſt premiums,

ately turned his mind from the buſineſs, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and reſolved to quit his ſhop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon, falling into company with the Jews, at their club at the ſign of the Croſs in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the moſt important points of the *Chriſtian faith*, which he for ſome time, zealouſly, and, *like a good Chriſtian*, *obſtinately* defended. They promiſed him *Paradiſe*, and many other advantages *hereafter*; but he artfully inſinuated, that he was more inclinable to liſten to *preſent* gain. They took the hint, and promiſed him, that immediately upon his converſion to their perſuaſion, he ſhould become as rich as a Jew.

They made uſe of ſeveral other arguments; to wit,

That the wiſeſt man that ever was, and inaſmuch the richeſt, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, *videlicet* Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew alſo: And moſt of the children of Iſrael are ſuſpected for holding the ſame doctrine.

This Mr Curll at firſt ſtrenuouſly denied, for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics; and ſo far was he from giving way to their temptations,

ums, in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720: A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-ſea, and not to their ſplendor, emptineſs, and inutility; for it did not become a name of reproach in this caſe, till time completed the metaphor, and the bubble *broke*. *Hawkeſ.*

tions, that, to convince them of his chriſtianity, he called for a *pork-griſking*.

They now promiſed, if he would poiſon his wife, and give up his *griſking*, that he ſhould marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made ſome impreſſion on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which, he not underſtanding, it was obſerved, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his *godlineſs* was only *gain*, deſiſted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak ſide, namely, that of *avarice*.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apoſtles creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then ſold the *nine and thirty articles* for a *bull* * ; but inſiſted hard upon *black-puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joſhua Pereira engaged to let him ſhare with him in his *bottomrie* ; upon this he was perſuaded out

* *Bulls* and *bears*. He who ſells that of which he is not poſſeſſed, is proverbially ſaid *to ſell the ſkin before he has caught the bear*. It was the practice of ſtock-jobbers, in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. ſtock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to ſell, had frequently no ſtock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in conſequence of his bargain: The ſeller was therefore called a *bear*, in alluſion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a ſimilar diſtinction. The contract was merely a wager, to be determined by the riſe or fall of ſtock; if it roſe, the ſeller paid the difference to the buyer, proportioned to the ſum determined by the ſame computation to the ſeller. *Hawkeſ.*

out of his *Chriſtian name:* But he ſtill adhered to *black-puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* ſubſcription in *Ram's bubble;* for which he was content to give up the *four evangeliſts*, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black-pudding* and *circumciſion;* for both of which he would have been glad to have had a diſpenſation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforeſaid. At his entrance into the room, he perceived a meagre man, with a ſallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long veſtment. In his right hand he held a large pair of ſheers, and in his left a red-hot ſearing-iron. At ſight of this, Mr Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by ſix Jews, who laid hands upon him, and, unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful ſpectacle!

He now intreated them, in the moſt moving tone of voice, to diſpenſe with that *unmanly* ceremonial; which if they would conſent to, he faithfully promiſed, that he would eat a quarter of *paſchal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All theſe proteſtations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains ſhould be void, unleſs he would ſubmit to bear all the *outward* and *viſible* ſigns of Judaiſm.

Our

Our apoſtate hearing this, ſtretched himſelf upon his back, ſpread his legs, and waited for the operation: But when he ſaw the high-prieſt take up the *cleft ſtick*, he roared moſt unmercifully, and ſwore ſeveral Chriſtian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The ſavour of the *effluvia* that iſſued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his aſſiſtants, that he needed no preſent *purgation*; wherefore, without further *anointing* him, he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he loſt five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumciſed, which, by the *Levitical law*, is worſe than not being circumciſed at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their contracts: Wherefore, they caſt him forth from their ſynagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woeful, and miſerable ſight, at the ſign of the Old Teſtament and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet. His wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews ſtill keep, and expoſe at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loſs, and her huſband's indignity.

PRAYER.

PRAYER.

[*To save the stamp* *.]

KEEP *us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of* black-puddings, *yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of* white-ones. *And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned, by this unhappy wretch's woeful example, to abominate the heinous sin of* avarice, *which, sooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and Stock-jobbers.* Amen.

* All *forms of prayer and thanksgiving, books of devotion,* &c. being excepted in the statute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet, with one halfpenny, and every such paper, being one whole sheet, with a stamp-duty of one penny for every copy. *Hawkes.*

GOD's REVENGE againſt PUNNING,

Shewing the miſerable fates of perſons addicted to this crying ſin, in court and town.

MANIFOLD have been the judgments, which Heaven, from time to time, for the chaſtiſement of a ſinful people, has inflicted on whole nations: For when the degeneracy becomes common, it is but juſt the puniſhment ſhould be general. Of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that deſtructive peſtilence, whoſe mortality was ſo fatal, as to ſweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Chriſtian ſouls, beſides women and Jews.

Such alſo was that dreadful conflagration enſuing, in this famous metropolis of London, which conſumed, according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thouſand houſes, not to mention churches and ſtables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered theſe funeſt diſaſters, when the abomination of play-houſes roſe up in this land. From hence hath an inundation of obſcenity flowed from the court, and overſpread the kingdom. Even infants diſfigured the walls of holy temples, with exorbi-

tant repreſentations of the members of generation: Nay, no ſooner had they learned to ſpell, but they had wickedneſs enough to write the names thereof in large capitals; an enormity, obſerved by travellers, to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and popery were driven hence by the happy *Revolution*; ſtill the nation ſo greatly offended, that Socinianiſm, Arianiſm, and Whiſtoniſm, triumphed in our ſtreets, and were in a manner become univerſal.

And yet ſtill, after all theſe viſitations, it has pleaſed Heaven to viſit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of conſequence more fatal. This was foretold to us, firſt, by that unparallelled eclipſe in 1714; ſecondly, by the dreadful coruſcation in the air this preſent year; and thirdly, by the nine comets ſeen at once over Soho-ſquare, by Mrs Katherine Wadlington, and others; a contagion that firſt crept in amongſt the firſt quality, deſcended to their footmen, and infuſed itſelf into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occaſion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God tranſlated into our language, which certainly every ſober Chriſtian muſt tremble at.

Now, ſuch is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles not only commit *punning* over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's-day, and in the king's chapel: Therefore,

fore, to deter men from this evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against *punsters*.

The Right Honourable ——, but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say, that such a one has been *seen*; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves. This young nobleman was not only a flagitious *punster* himself, but was accessary to the *punning* of others, by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation *wryed his nose*.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand, in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third, of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Dalilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F—, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime, banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miſerable invalid at Tilbury-fort.

—— Euſtace, Eſq; for the murder of much of the king's Engliſh in Ireland, is quite deprived of his reaſon, and now remains a lively inſtance of emptineſs and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button, for the ſame offence, deprived of his wits.

One Samuel, an Iriſhman, for his forward attempt to *pun*, was ſtunted in his ſtature, and hath been viſited all his life after with *bulls* and *blunders*.

George Simmons, ſhoemaker at Turnſtile in Holborn, was ſo given to this cuſtom, and did it with ſo much ſucceſs, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no-body would truſt him; ſo that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miſerable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the univerſity of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and tories.

From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

A wonderful PROPHECY, taken from the mouth of the ſpirit of a perſon, who was barbarouſly ſlain by the MOHOCKS:

Proving alſo, That the ſaid MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are the GOG and MAGOG mentioned in the REVELATIONS; and therefore, that this vain and tranſitory world will ſhortly be brought to its final diſſolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London! Woe to Weſtminſter! Woe to Southwark! and woe to the inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to ſay, Woe to the old and new churches, thoſe that are built, and thoſe that are not built!

But woe to the gates, the ſtreets, and the houſes! Woe to the men, the women, and the children! For the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come; the time draweth near, and the end approacheth.

Not to mention the near reſemblance betwixt the names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG, (though I think there is a great deal even in that), I ſhall go on to proceed in my more ſolid arguments, proving to you, not only the things that are, but alſo the things that are not.

The things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG: And yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the ſame thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came alſo among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG alſo.

They have the mark of the Beaſt in their foreheads, and the Beaſt himſelf is in their hearts, their teeth are ſharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of ſcorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the ſame ſpirit pauſed a while—and thus again proceeded.

Now liſten to what is to come.

Thoſe that are in ſhall abide in, and thoſe that are out ſhall abide out—Yet thoſe that are in ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that are in.

But

But be not dejected———Fear not——but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead alſo, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient Whig, the Antichriſt of St John, ſhall lead the van like a young dragon; but he ſhall be cut piece-mail, and diſpoſſeſſed.

The dragon upon Bow-church, and the graſs-hopper upon the Royal-exchange, ſhall meet together upon Stocks-market, and ſhake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! My time is ſhort, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and ſhorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the ſouth! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Chriſtians! Ah blind brethren! Think not that this baleful dog-ſtar only ſhaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it ſhaketh it as a rod. It is not a ſporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, ſuch a tail as may reach, and be told, to all poſterity.

I am the *porter* that was barbarouſly ſlain in Fleet-ſtreet: By the MOHOCKS and HĀWCUBITES was I ſlain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth; they divided my noſtrils aſunder; they ſent me, as they

they thought, to my long home: But now I am returned again, to foretell their deſtruction.

The time is at hand, when the Free-thinkers of Great-Britain ſhall be converted to Judaiſm: And the Sultan ſhall receive the fore-ſkins of Toland and Colins *, in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day; yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, thoſe emblems of GOG and MAGOG, at the Guild-hall, ſhall fall to the ground, and be broken aſunder. With them ſhall periſh the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole world ſhall periſh with them.

Here the ſpirit diſappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

* Authors of ſeveral books in favour of infidelity. *Hawkeſ.*

THE.

THE COUNTRY-POST.

From Tuesday Auguſt the 12th, to Thurſday Auguſt the 14th.

From the hen-rooſt, Auguſt the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful conſternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us: He made ſeveral *motions*, as if he deſigned to attack our *left wing*, which covered our *infantry*. We were alarmed at his approach, and, upon a general muſter of all our forces, the kitchen-maid came to our relief: But we were ſoon convinced, that ſhe had betrayed us, and was in the the intereſt of the kite aforeſaid; for ſhe twiſted off two of our companions necks, and ſtript them naked: Five of us were alſo clapped in a *cloſe priſon*, in order to be ſold for ſlaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black *hen* was laſt night ſafely delivered of ſeven young *ducks*.

From

From the garden, Auguſt the 3d.

The *boars* have done much miſchief of late in theſe parts, to ſuch a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie ſafe in their *beds*. Yeſterday ſeveral of them were taken, and ſentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noſes bored, and rings thruſt through them, as a mark of infamy for ſuch practices.

From the great pond, Auguſt the 1ſt.

Yeſterday a large *ſail* of ducks paſſed by here, after a ſmall reſiſtance from two little boys, who flung ſtones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they *foraged* with very good ſucceſs: While they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and ſhe retired with great *precipitation*. This afternoon being ſomewhat rainy, they ſet ſail again, and took ſeveral *frogs*. Juſt now arrived, the *parſon's wife*, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried; but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned: It was alſo *obſerved*, that ſhe carried off a goſling and three ſucking pigs.

From the little fort at the end of the garden, Aug. 15.

Laſt night two young men of this place made a *detachment* of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to poſſeſs themſelves of the two *overtures*

tures of the ſaid fort; But, at their approach, they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already *bombarded* by the *rear-guard* of Sarah and Suky, who fearing theſe young men were come to beat up their *quarters*, deſerted their *neceſſary* poſts, which were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, notwithſtanding they were much annoyed, by reaſon of ſeveral ſtink-pots that had been flung there the ſame morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, Auguſt the 3*d.*

It was yeſterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty ſqueeking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuſcade in the ſaid mow. Upon this the farmer aſſembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was reſolved, that the mow ſhould be removed, to prevent the farther deſtruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and ſeventy-nine mice, and three large rats, were killed, and a vaſt number wounded, by pitch-forks, and other inſtruments of huſbandry. A mouſe, that was cloſe purſued, took ſhelter under Dolly's petticoats; but by the vigilance of George Simmons, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep moraſs, and cruſhed to death on the ſpot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was *obſerved* to make water under the ſaid mow, as ſhe was going a milking.

From

From the great yard, Auguſt the 2d.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock, and the pyed hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together: He yeſterday made her a preſent of three *barley-corns*, ſo that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the ſame cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'Squire's houſe.

On Sunday laſt there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were preſent the parſon and the farmer: The parſon eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parſon. We refer you to the curious in calculations, to decide which eat moſt.

It is reported, that the miniſter chriſtened a male child laſt week, but it wants *confirmation.*

From the Juſtices meeting, Auguſt the 7th.

This day a jack-daw, well known in the pariſh, was ordered cloſe priſoner to a cage, for crying *cuckold* to a juſtice of the *quorum:* And the ſame evening, certain apples, for *hiſſing* in a diſreſpectful manner as they were *roaſting*, were committed to *Lamb's-wool.* The ſame day, the ſaid juſtices cauſed a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the ſame, being convicted of *ſqueeking* on the 10th of June.

From the church, Auguſt the 8th.

Divine ſervice is continued in our pariſh as uſual, though we have ſeldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whoſe manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or elſe regarded as matters of little conſequence.

From the church-yard, Auguſt the 8th.

The miniſter, having obſerved his only daughter to ſeem too much affected with the intercourſe of his bull and the cows of the pariſh, has ordered the ceremony, for the future, to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the firſt ſolemnity of that kind, the grave-ſtones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey, were ſpurned down. This has already occaſioned great debates in the veſtry, the latter being the deceaſed wife of the *ſinging-clerk* of this place.

Caſualties this week.

Several caſualties happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increaſed. There have died of the *falling-ſickneſs*, two ſtumbling horſes, as alſo one of their riders. *Smothered* (in onions) ſeven rabits. *Stifled* (in a ſoldier's breeches) two geeſe. Of a *ſore throat*, ſeveral ſheep and calves at the butchers. *Starved to*

death, one baſtard child nurſed at the pariſh charge. *Still-born*, in eggs of turkeys, geeſe, ducks, and hens, thirty-ſix. *Drowned*, nine puppies. Of *wind in the bowels*, five bottles of ſmall beer. I have not yet ſeen the exact liſt of the pariſh-clerk, ſo that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *ſtocks*, only that Dick Adams was ſet in them laſt Sunday for ſwearing.

A true

A true and faithful NARRATIVE of what passed in LONDON, during the general consternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last.

ON Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr Whiston held his lecture near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these, there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings a-piece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the men who were present, of which number I myself was one. Their names are,

Henry Watson, *haberdasher.*
George Hencock, *druggist.*
John Lewis, *dry-salter.*
William Jones, *corn-chandler.*
Henry Theobald, *watch-maker.*
James Peters, *draper.*
Thomas Floyer, *silver-smith.*
John Wells, *brewer.*
Samuel Greg, *soap-boiler.*

William Cooley, *fish-monger.*
James Harper, *hosier.*
Robert Tucker, *stationer.*
George Ford, *ironmonger.*
Daniel Lynch, *apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} *apprentices.*

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself, in duty and conscience, obliged to change the subject matter of his intended discourse.—— Here he paused, and seemed for a short space as it were lost in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence, he spake as follows:

'Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative 'science is at an end: The period of all things is 'at hand; on Friday next this world shall be no 'more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren; for to-morrow morning, five minutes 'after five, the truth will be evident; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have 'heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, 'believe. Go hence, and prepare your wives, 'your families, and friends, for the universal 'change.'

At this solemn and dreadful prediction, the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment:

ment: But it would be unjuſt, not to remember that Mr Whiſton himſelf was in ſo calm a temper as to return a ſhilling a-piece to the youths who had been diſappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men, in two or three hours the news ſpread through the city. At firſt indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greateſt dealers in ſtocks thought only a court-artifice to ſink them, that ſome choice favourites might purchaſe at a lower rate; for the South-ſea that very evening fell five *per cent.* the India eleven, and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town, our atteſtations were entirely diſbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheleſs the news ſpread every where, and was the ſubject matter of all converſation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr Whiſton was ſent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the learned ſciences, and addicted to all the ſpeculative doubts of the moſt able philoſophers; but he was not now to be found: And ſince at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himſelf to attend the great buſineſs of his ſoul: But whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquiſitiveneſs, that occaſioned her to ſend, is a point I ſhall not preſume to determine. As for his being ſent for to the ſecre-

tary's office by a meſſenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriouſly falſe; and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo zealous and honeſt a man ſhould be *ordered into cuſtody*, as a *ſeditious preacher*, who is known to be ſo well affected to the *preſent happy eſtabliſhment*.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſuſed family prayers for above five years, and (though it hath been a cuſtom of late entirely neglected by men of any buſineſs or ſtation) I determined within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: But two or three neighbours having been engaged to ſup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily ſpent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; ſhe reaſoning, that it would be time enough to take off the ſervants from their buſineſs (which this practice muſt infallibly occaſion for an hour or two every day) after the *comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, *ſaid he*, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impoſſibilites, for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual caſes with this ſet of people)

was

was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and as he was fully perſuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he, in a very neighbourly manner, admoniſhed me againſt *ſelling my ſtock* at the preſent low price; which, *he ſaid*, beyond diſpute, muſt have a riſe before Monday, when this unreaſonable conſternation ſhould be over.

But on Wedneſday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr Whiſton) the *comet* appeared; for, at three minutes after five, by my own watch, I ſaw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be ſeen at five minutes after five; but as the beſt watches may be a minute or two too ſlow, I am apt to think his calculation juſt to a minute.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour, all Cheapſide was crouded with a vaſt concourſe of people; and notwithſtanding it was ſo early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the ſick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident I ſaw ſeveral thouſands in the ſtreet, and counted at leaſt ſeventeen who were upon their knees, and ſeemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women of about fourſcore; the ſix others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could gueſs) two of them might be under ſeventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be paſſed over by the greater hiſtorians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing

nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep ſchemes of politicians and myſteries of ſtate; for which reaſon, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the ſpace of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witneſs, or from unqueſtionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its uſe, as it may enable us to form a more juſt idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wedneſday noon, the belief was univerſal, that the day of judgment was at hand; inſomuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no leſs than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock: Theſe, it is ſaid, went thither to petition, that a *ſhort prayer* might be *penned*, and *ordered*, there being none in the ſervice upon that occaſion. But as, in things of this nature, it is neceſſary that the *council* be conſulted, their requeſt was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reaſon, that the churches were not that morning ſo well attended; and it is no ways to be imputed to the fears and conſternation of the clergy, with which the free-thinkers have ſince very unjuſtly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church, (where we had not been for many years on a week-day), and, with

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a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine *cambrick* carried off by a shop-lifter: so little impression was yet made on the minds of these wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *director of the bank*: I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's *sagacity, that all the *fire offices* were required to have a particular eye upon the *bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praise, that, in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concerns; but the next day, in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden *run upon the bank*, which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning, to make up such an account as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the Bank, when in equal danger, by petitioning against the Lord Treasurer Godolphin's being removed, as a measure that would destroy the public credit.

produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed too, that he had few visiters that day: This added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his *compting-house*. It is said too, that he was advised to restitution; but I never heard that he complied with it any farther, than in giving half a crown a piece to several crazed and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the *maids of honour* sent to countermand their birth-day cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pall-mall, to buy each of them a *Bible*, and *Taylor's holy living and dying*. But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from

from thoſe innocent freedoms and little levities ſo commonly incident to young ladies of their profeſſion. So many birth-day ſuits were countermanded the next day, that moſt of the taylors and mantua-makers diſcharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly Lady, of great erudition and modeſty, who viſits theſe young ladies, ſeemed to be extremely ſhocked by the apprehenſions, that ſhe was to appear naked before the whole world; and no leſs ſo, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might ſo much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt anſwers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modeſty and curioſity, could not imagine the ſight ſo diſagreeable as was repreſented; nay, one of them went ſo far as to ſay, ſhe perfectly longed to ſee it; for it could not be ſo indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themſelves to be ſeen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glaſs to be ſet by it. So much are theſe young ladies, both by nature and cuſtom, addicted to cleanly appearance.

A weſt-country gentleman told me, he got a church leaſe filled up that morning, for the ſame ſum which had been refuſed for three years ſucceſſively. I muſt impute this merely to accident: For I cannot imagine, that any Divine could take the

the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner; or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since upon this very account.

The *term* being so near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpressible; though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence, by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few *state-trials* of late years. Several attornies demanded the *return of fees*, that had been given the lawyers: But it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice as to suffer it to be sunk in the attorney's pockets. Our sage and learned *judges* had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the *barristers* rejoiced, in that they were not *attornies*; and the *attornies* felt no less satisfaction, that they were not *petty-foggers*, *scriveners*, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not to this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their

commands with more *oaths* than are requiſite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St James's Park. But poſſibly it was by choice, and on conſideration, that they continued this way of expreſſion, not to intimidate the common ſoldiers, or give occaſion to ſuſpect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impreſſion upon their ſuperior officers. A *duel* was fought the ſame morning between two colonels, not occaſioned (as was reported) becauſe the one was put over the other's head, that being a point which might at ſuch a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate ſatisfaction. I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who deſired his ſurgeon to defer putting him into a ſalivation till Saturday, might make this requeſt, out of ſome opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehenſions of any danger in the operation, could not be his motive, the ſurgeon himſelf having aſſured me, that he had before undergone three ſevere operations of the like nature, with great reſignation and fortitude.

There was an order iſſued, that the *chaplains* of the ſeveral *regiments* ſhould attend their duty; but as they were diſperſed about in ſeveral parts of England, it was believed that moſt of them could not be found, or ſo much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Moſt of the conſiderable PHYSICIANS, by their outward demeanor, ſeemed to be unbelievers; but at the ſame time, they every-where inſinuated, that there might be a *peſtilential malignancy* in the *air*, occaſioned by the *comet*, which might be armed againſt by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Chriſtian reſignation of the people increaſed, and moſt of them (which was never before known) had their ſouls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend CLERGY ſhowed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of ſouls*; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the *degrees* of *apprehenſion* and *terror* could be diſtinguiſhed to be greater or leſs, according to their *ranks* and *degrees* in the *church*.

The like might be obſerved in all ſorts of miniſters, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I ſpeak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inſerting the *names* of particular perſons, to avoid the imputation of ſlander,—ſo that the reader will allow the narrative muſt be deficient, and is therefore deſired to accept hereof, rather as a ſketch, than a regular circumſtantial hiſtory.

I was not informed of any perſons who ſhewed the leaſt joy, except three malefactors who were to be executed on the Monday following, and

and one old man, a conſtant church-goer, who, being at the point of death, expreſſed ſome ſatiſfaction at the news.

On Thurſday morning, there was little or nothing tranſacted in 'Change-alley: There were a multitude of ſellers; but ſo few buyers, that one cannot affirm the ſtocks bore any certain price, except among the Jews, who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themſelves Chriſtians, who offered to buy *for time;* but as theſe were people of *great diſtinction*, I chuſe not to mention them, becauſe in effect it would ſeem to accuſe them, both of avarice, and infidelity.

The *run* upon the *bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one perſon whatever (except the *directors* themſelves, and ſome of their particular friends and aſſociates) could convert a *bill* all that day into *ſpecie;* all hands being employed to ſerve *them*.

In the ſeveral churches of the city and ſuburbs, there were ſeven thouſand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and ſolemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their ſeveral *kept miſtreſſes*, which was allowed as valid marriage, the prieſt not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St Brides's church in Fleet-ſtreet, Mr Woolſton, (who writ againſt the miracles of our Saviour), in the utmoſt terrors of conſcience, made

a public recantation. Dr Mandevil * (who had been groundlesly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St James's-gate; as did also, at the Temple-church, several gentlemen who frequent *coffee-houses* near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt down dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the *players*, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the *Roman catholic religion*; the same thing was observed of some *bawds* and *ladies of pleasure*.

An Irish gentleman, out of pure friendship, came to make me a visit, and advised me to *hire a boat* for the ensuing day; and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his country-men had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging, that, in the *general conflagration*, to be upon the *water* would be the *safest place*.

There were *two lords*, and *three commoners*, who, out of a scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual *retaining bribe*. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples

* Author of *The fable of the bees*, a book intended to subvert not only religion but virtue, by shewing that private vices are public benefits.

ſcruples quieted by a *clergyman* or two of diſtinction, whom they happily conſulted.

It was remarkable, that ſeveral of our very richeſt *tradeſmen* of the city, in common charity, gave away ſhillings and ſixpences to the beggars, who plyed about the church-doors; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy *church-warden*, with his own hands, diſtributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor, by way of reſtitution for the many great and coſtly feaſts which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a cuſtom-houſe officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted *gameſters*) came publicly into a church at Weſtminſter, and depoſited a very conſiderable ſum of money in the miniſter's hands; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But ſo great is the hardneſs of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar gameſters, (though the profeſſion is ſo general), I did not hear of any other reſtitution of this ſort. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that (in compariſon of theſe) through all parts of the town, the juſtice and penitence of the *highwaymen*, *houſe-breakers*, and common *pick-pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *directors* of our *public companies* were in ſuch dreadful apprehenſions, that one would have thought a *parliamentary inquiry* was at hand; yet ſo great was their preſence of mind,

that all the Thurſday morning was taken up in *private transfers*, which, by malicious people, was thought to be done with deſign to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confeſſions of particular *ladies* to their *huſbands*; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of conſequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious taſk to record them as baſtards; and particularly after their ſeveral huſbands have ſo charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night, through the whole town, were ſpent in devotions both public and private; the churches, for this one day, were ſo crouded by the nobility and gentry, that thouſands of common people were ſeen praying in the public ſtreets. In ſhort, one would have thought the whole town had been really and ſeriouſly religious. But, what was very remarkable, all the different perſuaſions kept by themſelves; for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the ſtreets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears firſt began to abate, then leſſened every hour, at night they were almoſt extinct, till the total darkneſs, that hitherto uſed to terrify, now comforted every *free-thinker* and *atheiſt*. Great numbers went together to the *taverns*, beſpoke *ſuppers*, and broke up whole *hogſheads* for joy.

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The ſubject of all wit and converſation was to ridicule the prophecy, and railly each other. All the quality and gentry were *perfectly aſhamed*; nay, ſome utterly diſowned that they had manifeſted any ſigns of religion.

But the next day, even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their uſual ſtate of indifference. They drank, they whored, they ſwore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed, they quarrelled, they murdered. In ſhort, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any inſtances of what will ſo eaſily be credited; but cannot omit relating, that Mr Woolſton adverti ſed in that very Saturday's Evening-Poſt, a new *treatiſe* againſt the *miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few who had given up their penſions the day before, ſolicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any miniſterial point, I am informed was readily granted.

The

The TATLER*.

NUMBER V.

——Laceratque, trahitque
Molle pecus.—— Virg.

From Tuesday Jan. 23. to Saturday Jan. 27. 1710.

AMONGST other services I have met with from some critics, the cruellest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not

* N. B. The two following TATLERS are not in the four volumes published by Sir Richard Steele.

In the preface of the Tatler, vol. iv. Sir Richard Steele speaks thus of Dr Swift: 'I have, in the dedication of the 'first volume, made my acknowledgements to Dr SWIFT, 'whose pleasant writings, in the name of *Bickerstaff*, created an 'inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear 'in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my 'first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of 'thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable 'gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one, 'whose imagination was to be continually employed upon ob-'vious and common subjects, though at the same time obliged 'to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses 'on the *Shower in town*, and the *Description of the morning*, are 'instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise 'such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary 'invention.'

not dream, but when they pleaſe; nor upon long continued ſubjects, however viſionary in their own natures; becauſe there is a manifeſt moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented, by conſidering they have miſſed another againſt which I ſhould have been at a loſs to defend myſelf. They might have aſked me, whether the dreams I publiſh can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-ſheets: So manifeſt a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no ſophiſter ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember when I was a boy at ſchool, I have often dreamed out the whole paſſages of the day; that I rode a journey, baited, ſupped, went to bed, and roſe next morning: And I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night, large enough to make a novel. In youth, the imagination is ſtrong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with thoſe paſſions that moſt diſturb and confound it; ſuch as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are ſaid to grow children again, ſo in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full eaſe, without care, avarice, or ambition, to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage, of doubling the ſmall remainder of my time, and living four and twenty

twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate, is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to pleaſe theſe refiners upon ſleep, without any moral that I can diſcover.

'It happened, that my maid left on the table 'in my bed-chamber, one of her ſtory-books (as 'ſhe calls them) which I took up, and found 'full of ſtrange impertinence, fitted to her taſte 'and condition; of poor ſervants who came 'to be ladies, and *ſerving-men of low degree* who 'married kings daughters. Among other things 'I met this ſage obſervation, that a lion would 'never hurt a true virgin. With this medley of 'nonſenſe in my fancy I went to bed, and 'dreamed that a friend waked me in the morning, and propoſed, for paſtime, to ſpend a few 'hours in ſeeing the pariſh lions, which he had 'not done ſince he came to town; and becauſe 'they ſhewed but once a week, he would not 'miſs the opportunity. I ſaid I would humour 'him; although, to ſpeak the truth, I was not 'fond of thoſe cruel ſpectacles; and if it were 'not ſo antient a cuſtom, founded as I had 'heard upon the wiſeſt maxims, I ſhould be 'apt to cenſure the inhumanity of thoſe who 'introduced it." All this will be a riddle to the waking reader, until I diſcover the ſcene my imagination had formed, upon the maxim, that a lion would never hurt a true virgin. 'I dream-'ed, that, by a law of immemorial time, a he-

'lion

'lion was kept in every pariſh, at the common 'charge, and in a place provided adjoining to 'the church-yard; that before any one of the 'fair ſex was married, if ſhe affirmed herſelf to 'be a virgin, ſhe muſt, on her wedding-day, and 'in her wedding-cloaths, perform the ceremony 'of going alone into the den, and ſtay an hour 'with the lion, let looſe, and kept faſting four 'and twenty hours on purpoſe. At a proper 'height above the den, were convenient galleries 'for the relations and friends of the young 'couple, and open to all ſpectators. No maiden 'was forced to offer herſelf to the lion; but, 'if ſhe refuſed, it was a diſgrace to marry her, 'and every one might have the liberty of calling 'her a whore. And methought it was as uſual 'a diverſion to ſee the pariſh lions, as with us 'to go to a play, or an opera. And it was 'reckoned convenient to be near the church, 'either for marrying the virgin, if ſhe eſcaped 'the trial; or for burying her bones, when the 'lion had devoured the reſt, as he conſtantly 'did."

To go on therefore with the dream: 'We 'called firſt (as I remember) to ſee St Dunſtan's 'lion; but we were told, they did not ſhew to-'day. From thence we went to that of Covent-'garden, which, to my great ſurprize, we found 'as lean as a ſkeleton, when I expected quite the 'contrary; but the keeper ſaid it was no wonder 'at all, becauſe the poor beaſt had not got an

'ounce

'ounce of woman's flesh since he came into 'the parish. This amazed me more than the 'other, and I was forming to myself a mighty 'veneration for the ladies in that quarter of the 'town; when the keeper went on, and said he 'wondered the parish would be at the charge of 'maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend, said 'I, do you call it nothing to justify the virtue 'of so many ladies; or hath your lion lost his 'distinguishing faculty? Can there be any thing 'more for the honour of your parish, than that 'all the ladies married in your church were pure 'virgins? That is true, said he, and the doctor 'knows it to his sorrow; for there hath not 'been a couple married in our church since 'his worship came amongst us. The virgins 'here-abouts are too wise to venture the claws 'of the lion; and, because nobody will marry 'them, have all entered into a vow of virginity; 'so that in proportion we have much the largest 'nunnery in the whole town. This manner 'of ladies entering into a vow of *virginity*, be-'cause they were not *virgins*, I easily conceived; 'and my dream told me, that the whole king-'dom was full of nunneries plentifully stocked 'from the same reason.

'We went to see another lion, where we 'found much company met in the gallery. The 'keeper told us, we should see *sport* enough, 'as he called it; and in a little time we saw a 'young beautiful lady put into the den, who

'walked up towards the lion with all imaginable 'security in her countenance, and looked smil- 'ing upon her lover and friends in the gallery; 'which I thought nothing extraordinary, be- 'cause it was never known that any lion had 'been mistaken. But, however, we were all 'disappointed: For the lion lifted up his right 'paw, which was the fatal sign, and, advancing 'forward, seized her by the arm, and began 'to tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible 'shriek, and cried out, *The lion is just, I am 'no virgin! Oh! Sapho, Sapho!*—she could say 'no more, for the lion gave her the *coup de 'grace* by a squeeze in the throat, and she ex- 'pired at his feet. The keeper dragged away 'her body, to feed the animal after the compa- 'ny should be gone; for the parish lions never 'used to eat in public. After a little pause, an- 'other lady came on towards the lion, in the 'same manner as the former. We observed 'the beast smell her with diligence. He scratch- 'ed both her hands with lifting them to his 'nose, and, laying one of his claws on her bo- 'som, drew blood: However he let her go, and 'at the same time turned from her with a sort 'of contempt; at which she was not a little 'mortified, and retired with some confusion to 'her friends in the gallery. Methought the 'whole company immediately understood the 'meaning of this; that the easiness of the lady 'had suffered her to admit certain imprudent

'and dangerous familiarities, bordering too 'much upon what is criminal; neither was it 'sure, whether the lover then present had not 'some sharers with him in those freedoms, of 'which a lady can never be too sparing.

'This happened to be an extraordinary day; 'for a third lady came into the den, laughing 'loud, playing with her fan, tossing her head, 'and smiling round on the young fellows in 'the gallery. However, the lion leaped on 'her with great fury, and we gave her for 'gone; but on a sudden he let go his hold, 'and turned from her as if he were nauseated; 'then gave her a lash with his tail; after which 'she returned to the gallery, not the least out 'of countenance: And this, it seems, was the 'usual treatment of coquets.

'I thought we had seen enough; but my 'friend would needs have us go and visit one 'or two lions in the city. We called at two or 'three dens, where they happened not to shew; 'but we generally found half a score young 'girls, between eight and eleven years old, play-'ing with each lion, sitting on his back, and 'putting their hands into his mouth: Some of 'them would now and then get a scratch; but 'we always discovered, upon examining, that 'they had been toydening with the young ap-'prentices. One of them was calling to a pret-'ty girl, about twelve years old, who stood by 'us in the gallery, to come down to the lion,

'and,

'and, upon her refusal, said, *Ah! Miss Betty, we 'could never get you to come near the lion, since you 'played at hoop and hide with my brother in the 'garret.*

'We followed a couple with the wedding-'folks, going to the church of St Mary Aix. 'The lady, though well stricken in years, ex-'tremely crooked and deformed, was dressed 'out beyond the gaiety of fifteen, having jum-'bled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry re-'mains of aunts, god-mothers, and grand-mo-'thers, for some generations past. One of the 'neighbours whispered me, that she was an old 'maid, and had the cleerest reputation of any 'in the parish. There is nothing strange in 'that, thought I; but was much surprised, when 'I observed afterwards, that she went towards 'the lion with distrust and concern. The beast 'was lying down; but, upon the sight of her, 'snuffed up his nose two or three times, and 'then giving the sign of death, proceeded in-'stantly to execution. In the midst of her ago-'nies, she was heard to name the words *Italy* 'and *artifices*, with the utmost horror, and se-'veral repeated execrations; and at last conclud-'ed, *Fool that I was, to put so much confidence in 'the toughness of my skin!*

'The keeper immediately set all in order 'again for another customer, which happened 'to be a famous prude, whom her parents, 'after long threatenings, and much persuasion,

'had, with the extremeſt difficulty, prevailed on
'to accept a young handſome goldſmith, who
'might have pretended to five times her for-
'tune. The fathers and mothers in the neigh-
'bourhood, uſed to quote her for an example
'to their daughters; her elbows were rivetted
'to her ſides, and her whole perſon ſo ordered
'as to inform every body that ſhe was afraid
'they ſhould touch her. She only dreaded to
'approach the lion becauſe it was a he-one, and
'abhorred to think a male-animal ſhould pre-
'ſume to breathe on her. The ſight of a man
'at twenty yards diſtance made her draw back
'her head. She always ſat upon the farther
'corner of the chair, although there were ſix
'chairs between her and her lover, and with
'the door wide open, and her little ſiſter in the
'room. She was never ſaluted but at the tip
'of the ear; and her father had much ado to
'make her dine without her gloves, when there
'was a man at table. She entered the den with
'ſome fear, which we took to proceed from
'the height of her modeſty, offended at the
'ſight of ſo many men in the gallery. The
'lion, beholding her at a diſtance, immediately
'gave the deadly ſign; at which the poor crea-
'ture (metinks I ſee her ſtill) miſcarried in a
'fright before us all. The lion ſeemed to be
'as much ſurprized as we, and gave her time to
'make her confeſſion: *That ſhe was five months*
'*gone by the foreman of her father's ſhop; that this*

'was

'*was her third big belly:* And when her friends 'asked, why she would venture the trial? she 'said, *Her nurse told her, that a lion would never 'hurt a woman with child.*' Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wishing, that the deputy censors of my late institution, were endued with the same instinct as these parish lions.

NUMBER XX*.

——*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores.—— Ovid.

From Saturday March 3. to Tuesday March 6. 1710.

From my own apartment in Channel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *Les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other.

* This Tatler should be hung up in every 'Squire's hall in England. *Orrery.*

Low and little underſtandings, without ſome rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thouſand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and, in their ordinary converſation, fall into the ſame boiſterous familiarities, that one obſerves amongſt them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the uſe of their reaſon. In other inſtances, it is odd to conſider, that for want of common diſcretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us eaſy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wiſhes, and in croſſing our moſt reaſonable deſires and inclinations. This abuſe reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation when I was laſt there, in a viſit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my couſin. As ſoon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that ſtood cloſe by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almoſt ſtifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain oppoſed, urging that I muſt return ſoon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whiſpered her eldeſt daughter, and ſlipped a key into her hand; the girl returned inſtantly with a beer-glaſs half full of *aqua mirabilis* and ſyrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but Madam vowed I ſhould drink it off, for ſhe was ſure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which abſolutely took

took away my ſtomach. When dinner came in, I had a-mind to ſit at a diſtance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and ſet me with my back juſt againſt it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was reſolved to force down as much as I could, and deſired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Mr Bickerſtaff, ſays the Lady, you muſt eat a wing to 'oblige me;' and ſo put a couple upon my plate. I was perſecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for ſmall beer, the maſter tipped the wink, and the ſervant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my couſin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horſes; but it was reſolved I ſhould not ſtir that night; and when I ſeemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the ſtable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next queſtion was, what would I have for ſupper? I ſaid, I never eat any thing at night: But was at laſt, in my own defence, obliged to name the firſt thing that came into my head. After three hours ſpent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, inſinuating to me, 'That this was the worſt time of the year for 'proviſions; that they were at a great diſtance 'from any market; that they were afraid I 'ſhould be ſtarved; and that they knew they 'kept me to my loſs;' The lady went, and left me to her huſband; for they took ſpecial care I ſhould never be alone: As ſoon as her back was

turned,

turned, the little Miſſes ran backwards and forwards every moment, and conſtantly as they came in or went out made a curteſy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and *your humble ſervant, pretty Miſs.* Exactly at eight, the mother came up, and diſcovered, by the redneſs of her face, that ſupper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my perſecution doubled in proportion. I deſired, at my uſual hour, to go to my repoſe, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink ſomething before I went to bed; and, upon my refuſing, at laſt left a bottle of *ſtingo*, as they called it, for fear I ſhould wake and be thirſty in the night. I was forced, in the morning, to riſe and dreſs myſelf in the dark, becauſe they would not ſuffer my kinſman's ſervant to diſturb me at the hour I deſired to be called. I was now reſolved to break through all meaſures to get away; and, after ſitting down to a monſtrous breakfaſt of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, veniſon paſty, and ſtale beef, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs ſee me part of the way, and carry me a ſhort cut through his own ground, which he told me would ſave half a mile's riding. This laſt piece of civility had like to have coſt me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at laſt forced to alight in

the

the dirt, when my horſe, having ſlipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the abſurdities I met with in this viſit, proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaiſance, and a miſapplication in the rules of it. I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe the more refined critics upon behaviour, who, having profeſſed no other ſtudy, are yet infinitely defective in the moſt material parts of it. Ned Faſhion hath been bred all his life about court, and underſtands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He viſits moſt of the fine women near St James's, and upon every occaſion ſays the civileſt and ſofteſt things to them of any man breathing. To Mr Iſaac * he owes an eaſy ſlide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: But in ſome other caſes, he is very far from being a well-bred perſon. He laughs at men of far ſuperior underſtanding to his own, for not being as well dreſſed as himſelf; deſpiſeth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of ſome among the beſt ſpeakers of the houſe of commons. He raileth ſtrenuouſly at both univerſities, before the members of either; and is never heard to ſwear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right

* A famous dancing-maſter in thoſe days.

right ſenſe hath all the eſſentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath ſpent moſt of his time at Oxford: He hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modeſty as may ſerve to adorn, without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living, he ſeemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it deſcribed in the writings of the greateſt men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common courſe of life. Hence it is that he giveth no offence, but converſeth with great deference, candour, and humanity. His bow, I muſt confeſs, is ſomewhat aukward; but then he hath an extenſive, univerſal, and unaffected knowledge, which may perhaps a little excuſe him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can aſſure the ladies, in his behalf, and for their own conſolation, that he has writ better verſes on the ſex, than any man now living; and is preparing ſuch a poem for the preſs, as will tranſmit their praiſes, and his own, to many generations.

NUM-

NUMBER CCXXX*.

Thurſday, September 28th, 1710.

From my own apartment, September 27th.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifeſt evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very buſy ſcene, and it will require no ſmall care and application to amend errors which are become ſo univerſal. The affectation of politeneſs is expoſed in this epiſtle with a great deal of wit and diſcernment; ſo that whatever diſcourſe I may fall into hereafter upon the ſubject the writer treats of, I ſhall at preſent lay the matter before the world, without the leaſt alteration from the words of my correſpondent.

To

* The letter to the Lord High Treaſurer upon the ſame ſubject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the ſixth of theſe volumes, p. 66. It is ſaid, that the author writ ſome other *Tatlers*, and ſeveral *Spectators*, and furniſhed hints for many more; particularly, *The tables of fame*, *The life and adventures of a ſhilling*, *The account of England by an Indian king*, and ſome others: But, as we are informed, he would never tell his beſt friends the particular papers. *Dublin edit.*

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

Sir,

'There are some abuses among us of great 'consequence, the reformation of which is pro- 'perly your province, although, as far as I have 'been conversant in your papers, you have not 'yet considered them. These are, the deplora- 'ble ignorance that for some years hath reigned 'among our English writers, the great depravity 'of our taste, and the continual corruption of 'our stile. I say nothing here of those who 'handle particular sciences, divinity, law, phy- 'sic, and the like; I mean the traders in history 'and politics, and the *Belles Lettres*, together 'with those by whom books are not translated, 'but (as the common expressions are) *done out of* '*French*, *Latin*, or other languages, and *made* '*English*. I cannot but observe to you, that, 'until of late years, a Grub-street book was 'always bound in sheep-skin with suitable print 'and paper, the price never above a shilling, 'and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or 'country pedlars: But now they appear in all 'sizes and shapes, and in all places; they are 'handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-house 'to persons of quality; are shewn in Westmin- 'ster-hall, and the Court of Requests; you may 'see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or six 'hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would

'engage to furnish you with a catalogue of Eng-
'lish books, published within the compass of seven
'years past, which at the first hand would cost
'you an hundred pounds, wherein you shall not
'be able to find ten lines together of common
'grammar, or common sense.

'These two evils, ignorance and want of taste,
'have produced a third; I mean the continual
'corruption of our English tongue, which, with-
'out some timely remedy, will suffer more by the
'false refinements of twenty years past, than it
'hath been improved in the foregoing hundred.
'And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge up-
'on, leaving the former evils to your animad-
'version.

'But instead of giving you a list of the late
'refinements crept into our language, I here
'send you the copy of a letter I received some
'time ago from a most accomplished person in
'this way of writing, upon which I shall make
'some remarks. It is in these terms:

SIR,

I coud'n't *get the things you sent for all* about
town—*I* tho't *to* ha' *come down myself, and then*
I'd ha' bro't 'um; *but* ha'nt don't, *and I believe I*
can't do't, *that's* pozz.—Tom *begins to* g'imself
airs because he's *going with the* plenipo's.—*'Tis said*
the French King will bamboozel us agen, *which*
causes many speculations. *The* Jacks, *and others*
of that kidney, *are very* uppish *and* alert upon's,

as you may see by their phizz's——Will Hazard *has got the* hipps, *having lost* to the tune of *five hundr'd pound*, tho' *he understands play very well*, no-body better. *He has* promis'd *me upon* Rep *to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness* he's *too apt to* give into, tho' *he has as much wit as any man*, no-body more: *He has lain* incog *ever since.* —*The* mob's *very quiet with us now*—*I believe you* tho't *I* banter'd *you in my last like a* country put.——*I* shan't *leave town this month*, &c.

'This letter is in every point an admirable 'pattern of the present polite way of writing; 'nor is it of less authority for being an epistle: 'You may gather every flower of it, with a 'thousand more of equal sweetness, from the 'books, pamphlets, and single papers, offer- 'ed us every day in the coffee-houses. And 'these are the beauties introduced, to supply the 'want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, 'which formerly were looked upon as qualifi- 'cations for a writer. If a man of wit, who 'died forty years ago, were to rise from the 'grave on purpose, how would he be able to 'read this letter? and after he had got through 'that difficulty, how would he be able to un- 'derstand it? The first thing that strikes your 'eye, is the *breaks* at the end of almost every 'sentence; of which I know not the use,—only 'that it is a refinement, and very frequently 'practised. Then you will observe the abbrevia- 'tions and elisions, by which consonants of most 'obdurate sounds are joined together, without

'one

'one ſoftening vowel to intervene: And all this 'only to make one ſyllable of two, directly con- 'trary to the examples of the Greeks and Ro- 'mans; altogether of the Gothic ſtrain, and of 'a natural tendency towards relapſing into bar- 'barity, which delights in monoſyllables, and 'uniting of mute conſonants; as it is obſervable 'in all the northern languages. And this is 'ſtill more viſible in the next refinement, which 'conſiſteth in pronouncing the firſt ſyllable in a 'word that hath many, and diſmiſſing the reſt; 'ſuch as *phizz. hipps. mobb. pozz. rep.* and many 'more; when we are already overloaded with 'monoſyllables, which are the diſgrace of our 'language. Thus we cram one ſyllable, and 'cut off the reſt; as the owl fattened her mice 'after ſhe had bit off their legs, to prevent them 'from running away: And if our's be the ſame 'reaſon for maiming of words, it would cer- 'tainly anſwer the end; for I am ſure no other 'nation will deſire to borrow them. Some 'words are hitherto but fairly ſplit, and there- 'fore only in their way to perfection, as *incog.* 'and *plenipo.*; but in a ſhort time, it is to be 'hoped they will be further docked, to *inc.* and '*plen.* This reflection hath made me of late 'years very impatient for a peace, which I be- 'lieve will ſave the lives of many brave words as 'well as men. The war hath introduced abun- 'dance of polyſyllables, which will never be 'able to live many more campaigns. *Specula- 'tions, operations, preliminaries, ambaſſadors, pa-*

'*liſadoes*, *communications*, *circumvallations*, *battalions*, as numerous as they are, if they attack 'us too frequently in our coffee-houſes, we 'ſhall certainly put them to flight, and cut off 'the rear.

'The third refinement obſervable in the letter I ſend you, conſiſteth in the choice of certain words, invented by ſome *pretty fellows*; 'ſuch as *banter*, *bamboozle*, *country put*, and *kidney*, as it is there applied; ſome of which are 'now ſtruggling for the vogue, and others are 'in poſſeſſion of it. I have done my utmoſt for 'ſome years paſt, to ſtop the progreſs of *mob* and '*banter*; but have been plainly borne down by 'numbers, and betrayed by thoſe who promiſed 'to aſſiſt me.

'In the laſt place, you are to take notice of 'certain choice phraſes ſcattered through the 'letter; ſome of them tolerable enough, till 'they were worn to rags by ſervile imitators. 'You might eaſily find them, although they 'were not in different print, and therefore I 'need not diſturb them.

'Theſe are the falſe refinements in our ſtyle, 'which you ought to correct; firſt, by arguments and fair means: But if thoſe fail, I think 'you are to make uſe of your authority as 'cenſor, and, by an annual *index expurgatorius*, 'expunge all words and phraſes that are offenſive to good ſenſe, and condemn thoſe barbarous mutilations of vowels and ſyllables. In 'this laſt point, the uſual pretence is, that they

'ſpell

'ſpell as they ſpeak: A noble ſtandard for lan-
'guage! to depend upon the caprice of every
'coxcomb, who, becauſe words are the cloath-
'ing of our thoughts, cuts them out and ſhapes
'them as he pleaſeth, and changes them oftener
'than his dreſs. I believe all reaſonable people
'would be content, that ſuch refiners were
'more ſparing of their words, and liberal in
'their ſyllables. On this head I ſhould be glad
'you would beſtow ſome advice upon ſeveral
'young readers in our churches, who, coming
'up from the univerſity full fraught with admi-
'ration of our town politeneſs, will needs cor-
'rect the ſtyle of their prayer-books. In read-
'ing the abſolution, they are very careful to ſay
'*pardons and abſolves;* and in the prayer for the
'Royal Family, it muſt be, *Endu'um, enrich'um,*
'*proſper'um*, and *bring'um:* Then, in their ſer-
'mons, they uſe all the modern terms of art, *ſham*,
'*banter*, *mob*, *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *ſhuffling*, and
'*palming*: All which, and many more of the like
'ſtamp, as I have heard them often in the pul-
'pit from ſome young ſophiſters, ſo I have read
'them in ſome of *thoſe ſermons that have made a*
'*great noiſe of late.* The deſign, it ſeems, is to
'avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry;
'to ſhew us, that they *know the town*, *underſtand*
'*men and manners*, and have not been poring
'upon old unfaſhionable books in the univerſity.

'I ſhould be glad to ſee you the inſtrument
'of introducing into our ſtyle, that ſimplicity

'which is the beſt and trueſt ornament of moſt 'things in human life, which the politer ages 'always aimed at in their building and dreſs, '*(ſimplex munditiis)*, as well as their productions 'of wit. It is manifeſt, that all new affected 'modes of ſpeech, whether borrowed from the 'court, the town, or the theatre, are the firſt 'periſhing parts in any language; and, as I 'could prove by many hundred inſtances, have 'been ſo in our's. The writings of Hooker, who 'was a country clergyman, and of Parſons the 'Jeſuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'are in a ſtyle, that, with a very few allowances, 'would not offend any preſent reader; much 'more clear and intelligible, than thoſe of Sir 'H. Wotton, Sir Rob. Naunton, Oſburn, Da-'niel the hiſtorian, and ſeveral others, who 'writ later; but being men of the court, and 'affecting the phraſes then in faſhion, they are 'often either not to be underſtood, or appear 'perfectly ridiculous.

'What remedies are to be applied to theſe 'evils, I have not room to conſider, having, I 'fear, already taken up moſt of your paper: 'Beſides, I think it is our office only to repre-'ſent abuſes, and your's to redreſs them.'

I am, with great reſpect,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

A Meditation upon a Broomstick.

According to the ſtyle and manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations *.

Written in the year 1703.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold inglorioufly lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a foreſt. It was full of ſap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: But now, in vain does the buſy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its ſapleſs trunk. It is now at beſt but the reverſe of what it was; a tree turned upſide down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air. It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery; and, by a capricious kind of fate, deſtined to make other things clean, and be naſty itſelf. At

 length,

* This paper was wrote in deriſion of the ſtyle and manner of Mr Robert Boyle. To what a height muſt the ſpirit of ſarcaſm ariſe in an author, who could prevail upon himſelf to ridicule ſo good a man as Mr Boyle! But the ſword of wit, like the ſcythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However ſharp and irreſiſtible the edge of it may be, Mr Boyle will always remain invulnerable. *Orrery.*

length, worn to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the laſt uſe, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, SURELY MORTAL MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! Nature ſent him into the world ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reaſoning vegetable; until the ax of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: He then flies to art, and puts on a *periwig*; valuing himſelf upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, covered with powder, that never grew on his head: But now ſhould this our *broomſtick* pretend to enter the ſcene, proud of thoſe *birchen* ſpoils it never bore, and all covered with duſt, tho' the ſweepings of the fineſt lady's chamber; we ſhould be apt to ridicule and deſpiſe its vanity. Partial judges that we are, of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomſtick*, perhaps you will ſay, is an emblem of a tree ſtanding on its head; and pray what is man but a topſy-turvy creature? his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels ſhould be, grovelling on the earth. And yet, with all his faults, he ſets up to be an univerſal reformer and corrector of abuſes; a remover of grievances; rakes into every ſlut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raiſes a mighty duſt where there was none before; ſharing deeply all the

while

while in the very ſame pollutions he pretended to ſweep away. His laſt days are ſpent in ſlavery to women, and generally the leaſt deſerving; till worn to the ſtumps, like his brother *beſom*, he is either kicked out of doors, or made uſe of to kindle flames for others to warm themſelves by.

END OF VOL. VII.

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